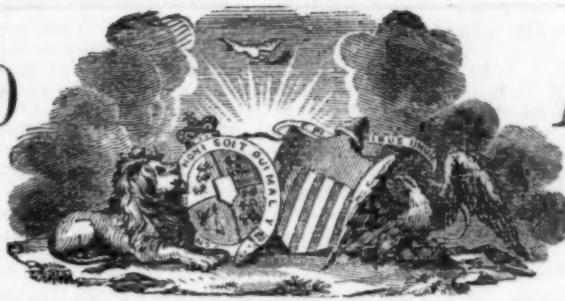


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THE WORLD AS IT IS.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE "PILGRIM," BY S. MULLEN.

"And this is Life!" the pensive Pilgrim cried;
"And these are men for endless life designed!
Alas, how paltry is all human pride!
What dark delusions mystify the mind,
Usurp man's thoughts, and strike his spirit blind!—
With half the pains these thoughtless mortals take
To catch vain shadows, they might surely find
Some tranquil bliss their fevered souls to slake:
But life is all a dream, from which in death we wake!

"Ah what is Wealth, for which men fondly sigh.
And pine, and pinch, and toil, and sweat, and swear?
A fearful trust for those who have to die.
And disenrobed before their God appear!
What boots it then the pomp they used to wear?
Will Justice fail a strict account to claim?

"What mean," she asks, "the bitter cries I hear?
Are these thy brethren, clothed in rags and shame?
Here, bind the selfish wretch, and turn his gold to flame!

"And what is Trade?—A systematic code
Of legal theft; an universal lie:
A heartless form; a deeply cunning mode
Of tricks and feints to catch the foolish fry,
Who rush in shoals were Fashion bids them buy.
What saintly forms, smoothed o'er with cool deceit,
Spread glittering wares to tempt the wandering eye?
While Cunning smirks like Candour robed complete,
Suspicion never dreams that he can be a cheat.

"And what is Pleasure? Say, ye sons of Mirth,
When wine excites you, or when passion pleads,
Dies not each bliss untimely in the birth,
While sad regret the waste of time succeeds,
And, balked of joy, the spirit only bleeds?
But, grant the slight, the momentary joy
That may be found where smiling Pleasure leads,
Shall Man, immortal Man, his hours employ
In those low sensual scenes which loftiest hopes destroy?

"And what is Fame? A bubble on the stream,
One moment bright, then sinking whence it came;
The airy phantom of an empty dream,
Which mocks the wretch who grasps it with his shame;
A vapour on the hill—a breath—a name!
Where is your Caesar, where your hero now,
Who once climbed highest up the mount of Fame?
Alas, the bays have fallen from his brow;
And his poor clay lies crushed beneath the peasant's plough!

"And what are Kings? The ministers of God,
To deal out equal justice to mankind;
The poor man's guardians from oppression's rod;
The scourge and terror of each guilty mind;
And in God's place to act like God designed.
This is the picture He who made them drew:
Hold up the glass. Canst thou the likeness find?
Alas, the world has never seen but two
Who sought the public good, and did what kings should do!

"And what is War? A dark and desperate game,
Where lives, and limbs, and hearts, and souls of men
Are staked for knaves who profit by our shame,
And filch our gold, and scorn and crush us then,
While millions fall for reasons few may ken.
The single murderer we devoutly hate,
And curse the felon pinioned in his den;
But thousands slain, and realms made desolate,
Then him who murders most we hail, and call him GREAT!"

With thoughts like these, half mournful, all too true,
The Pilgrim's eye surveyed Life's motley page;
Nor could his mind disdainful thoughts subdue
When he beheld how madly men engage
In chase of woe, from giddy youth to age.
The rich, the poor, the master and the slave,
Deceived, deceiving, rush with equal rage
To grasp these bubbles dancing on the wave,
Which burst, and let them drop unpitied in the grave.

and his fortune, have scarcely crumbled to ashes before the fated army turn their faces homeward. We should like to be made acquainted with the conversation of Napoleon and Ney as they sat together in the Kremlin and talked over the disastrous issue they had met and the only way of escape from total annihilation. The fiery and impetuous harangues of the former, and the blunt characteristic replies of the latter, while the crackling of the flames and the falling of columns and walls without were borne to their ears, must have been in the highest degree dramatic. From the heap of ruins and from the solitude which was more prophetic than the roar of the storm, Ney was appointed to cover the retreat; and this act of Napoleon utters more distinctly his opinion of that Marshal's generalship than language can do. The whole history of Ney's conduct during that memorable retreat seems to belong rather to some hero of romance than an actual man. The marvellous details appear incredible, and would not be believed if the evidence was not incontestable. With a mere handful of men he placed himself between the French and Russian armies, and by his incredible exertions, desperate valor, and exhaustless ingenuity, saved a portion of that host which would otherwise have been totally annihilated. That retreat alone would make him immortal. With all the fault found with his generalship, there was not a commander among either the French or allied forces during the whole war, that ever did or ever could accomplish what Ney performed in that memorable flight. Had he fallen we believe Bonaparte would have fallen also, and the former *really* saved the army, which the latter never could have done. Without provisions, almost without arms, he battled the well-tried and countless legions of Russia back from his beloved Emperor—and over the wintry fields of snow and amid the driving storm, with a heart untamed and a will unsubdued, he hovered like a protecting spirit around the divided and flying ranks of his countrymen. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow-drifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army straggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly down through the flying clouds of northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions. On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors, did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit unconquerable as fate itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops. Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness to die with cold, or be slain by the Cossacks. Yet Ney kept a firm band around him that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now with musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of example accomplished what authority alone never could have done.

At length the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reached the crisis of his fate, and there was no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rear guard, now dwindled to a few thousand. Ignorant of his danger, Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Lososina, on which were strewed the dead bodies of his countrymen, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive storm of grape-shot into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment the height before him and on either side appeared lined with dense columns of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was ordered to capitulate. He replied, "A Marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his columns marched straight upon the batteries. Vain valour. His noble and devoted followers proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader, but after a loss of half their number they were compelled to retire. Finding the army gradually extending itself on every side to hem him in, he returned back towards Smolensk for an hour, then forming a body of 4000 men, turned north towards the Dnieper. Having reached the stream in safety, he arranged his fragment of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, and then waited three hours before crossing to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in. Pressed by the most appalling dangers he still yielded to the dictates of mercy. There on the banks of the frozen river, and during this time of intense anxiety, did this strange indomitable man lie down with his martial cloak around him, and sleep. Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep from falling on the ice, surrounded by his few exhausted followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. But the marshal, with only three thousand men, had still wilderness between him and his Emperor, and that wilderness was filled Cossacks. For sixty miles he struggled on with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. But Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge, and with the cheering words, "Comrades, now is the moment; forward, they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would

MARSHAL NEY.

[Concluded.]

Napoleon often gazed with astonishment on the movements of his favorite marshal. The quiet determination with which he set out to execute the most hopeless order—the progress he would make against the most desperate odds, and the victory he would wring from defeat itself, brought even from Napoleon bursts of admiration.

The blazing towers of Moscow, the turning point of Napoleon's invasion

have yielded and fled. At length with only fifteen hundred men out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orsha and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuilleries—I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Well he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a thronelss Emperor. The meeting of Bonaparte and his brave Marshal shows the profound impression the conduct of the latter had made on him. As his eye fell on the worn yet still unconquerable veteran, he exclaimed, "What a man, what a soldier!" But words failed to express his admiration, and he clasped the stern warrior to his bosom and embraced him with all the rapture one hero embraces another.

But Ney's exhausting efforts were not yet over. Bonaparte dared not relieve him from his dangerous and important post. Though the rear guard had melted away again and again under his command, he still renewed its ranks, and presented the same determined front to the enemy. At the awful passage of the Beresina, he stood again between the army and destruction. At length the scattered remnants of the French Legions reached the Niemen, the boundary of the Russian territory. Ney arrived destitute of troops—the rear guard had again melted away. Collecting in haste a few hundred men whom he found in the town (Wilna,) he planted twenty-four cannon on the redoubts, and kept back the enemy all day, while the army was retiring. The next morning he continued his defence, but the soldiers, seeing their comrades bending their footsteps towards France, and away from the bullets of the Russians, began to follow after till he was left almost alone. Still true to his duty he continued to cover the retreat of the army he had so often saved. All had not yet passed the Niemen, and by dint of persuasion, and threats, and promises, he collected thirty men around him, and with musket in hand defended with this handful the gate of Wilna. At length, when the last soldier was over, he slowly retired through the streets with his face to the enemy, and crossing the river, "was the last of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory."

Gumbinnen was the first place in Germany, after crossing the river, at which rest could be obtained. General Dumas, who was sick, had just entered the house of a French physician in this town, when a man accosted him whom he took to be a perfect stranger. His powerful form was wrapped in a large military cloak—his beard was long and untrimmed—his countenance begrimed with powder, and his whiskers half burnt off, while his emaciated face spoke of toils and privations of no common magnitude. But his eye still burned with that lustre no one ever forgot who once saw it in battle. "What," said the stranger, "Dumas, do you not know me?" "No," replied Dumas, "Who are you?" "I am the rear guard of the Grand Army—Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms and I have walked hither as you see me across the forests." He had done all that man could do—fought till his army was annihilated, then formed another—created means where they did not exist—sustained the sinking courage of his followers when all before him was blank and hopeless—struggled at last with a few hundred and then thirty, and then alone, as rear guard of the army, and then finally on foot and almost unattended crossed the forests to the remnant of that army.

We cannot follow him through the campaign of 1813. He fought beside the Emperor, though his fortunes were evidently declining. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, Dennewitz, Leipsic and many other places, he exhibited his accustomed skill and bravery. After the abdication of Napoleon he lived in Paris in almost entire seclusion. Too rough for the polished society of the French capital, and too stern and grave to be dissipated, he dwelt by himself. His palace was elegantly furnished; and his wife, fond of gaiety and luxury, entertained her friends there, while he would be dining by himself, musing over the stormy and adventurous life he had led. Sick of the inactive monotonous life of Paris, he retired to his country-seat, where, in the sports of the field, he could find some relief to his restlessness. It was here he received his unexpected order to join the Sixth Military Division. On arriving at Paris he learned to his astonishment that Bonaparte had left Elba and was on his way to the capital. Here we approach the only dark spot in his history. The defence his own friends make for him fails to exculpate him. Bonaparte's star had apparently set for ever at his exile, and Ney did perfectly right to sustain the government of France; but he had no right to betray the trust his Monarch reposed in him, and go over with his army to the side of the invader. He, by this act, became a traitor; but his treason had more excuses than the like crime ever had before. At first he regarded the descent of Napoleon on the shores of France, as the most extravagant rashness, and designed, as he declared, to bring him a prisoner to Paris. But he had hardly set out on his expedition before Bonaparte began to ply him with those arts he knew so well how to use. He had made Ney what he was, and he appealed to the gratitude of the noble-hearted veteran. He had stood by his side in the smoke and thunder of battle, and he recalled these scenes to his imagination. They had been warriors together in danger, and Bonaparte excited him with those recollections, so calculated to move a heart like his. He kept his emissaries constantly about him, representing to him the utter feebleness and imbecility of the Bourbon throne—he called him again the "Bravest of the Brave," and entreated him not to fight against his old companion and King. At the same time he promised peace to France, and all that Ney could desire. A plain blunt soldier—with a heart full of great affections for heroes like himself, what wonder is it that his constancy shook! Added to all this, the emissaries of Bonaparte had at length affected the fidelity of the army, and while Ney was wavering, his soldiers had already determined for Napoleon. He felt he could not resist the tide if he would, while he evidently had lost all desire to do so. His act of treason has many palliations; still it was unworthy of him. If his old affections and his gratitude were too strong to allow him to fight against his former Monarch, his honor should have prevented him from fighting against his new one. He should have returned and resigned his command and retired from the contest. He himself afterwards felt so. The excitement and enthusiasm under which he had acted had passed away, and he saw the transaction in a clear and just light. It weighed on his heart, and he grew melancholy and spiritless. He had lost his self-respect; and his honor, which he heretofore had kept bright as his sword, was tarnished. Kindly feelings had conquered him whom no enemy could subdue, and now the eye no danger could daunt or hardship dim, became dull and lustreless. That glorious forehead, that had been the terror of so many hundred battles, had a spot upon it, and Ney felt feebler than in the hour of extremest peril. Remorse gnawed at his heart, and the feeling of personal dignity was gone for ever. He became morose and restless, and not until ordered by Bonaparte to Lille, "if he would see the first battle," did he evince any of his old fire. This single fact is the greatest apology we could offer for him. It shows that, whatever his act may be, his heart was not

that of a traitor. It was not the deliberate treason of a villain, but the sudden impulse of a man too frequently governed by his feelings. He afterwards doubtless hoped, in the excitement of battle, to rid himself of his remorse, and perhaps by his valor to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on his name.

His last charge at Waterloo showed that the firmness and bravery of the man was undiminished. It is true the Old Guard was not what it had been. It required the experience and training of the veterans that fell in the snow-drifts of Russia. But still it was "the Old Guard," which had ever regarded itself the prop and pride of Bonaparte. It was the same that had gained him so many battles—the same that at Krasnoi, in the retreat from Russia, when reduced to a little band, closed round their emperor and marched past the Russian batteries; playing in the hottest of the fire the popular air, *Ou peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?* It was the "unconquerable guard."

From eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, the battle had raged, while victory perched on neither standard. The heavy French cavalry had charged the English squares in vain. Jerome Bonaparte had left 1400 men around Hougoumont. The centre of the English lines had not yielded an inch, yet, exhausted and worn, they stood less firmly in their places. The Old Guard had remained passive spectators of the scene during the whole day, being reserved for the last moment to complete the victory. At this juncture, the head of the Prussian columns appeared on the field. Fifty thousand fresh troops added to the English army would make the odds too great. Instead of retiring till Grouchy would come up and restore the balance, Bonaparte took the rash and desperate resolution of bringing his entire reserve into the field, and with one awful charge break the centre, and prevent the threatened junction of the two armies. For this purpose he called up the Old Guard, and placing himself at their head marched down the slope, and halting in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, vehement manner. He told them every thing rested on their valor. They answered with the shout, "*Vive l' Empereur!*" that was heard all along the British lines. He then placed them under Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The mere power Ney carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole battalion. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation. With the exception of Macdonald, we do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he. The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to put Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. We almost forgot Napoleon's ambition and guilt in our sympathy with him in this critical moment of his life. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side "*la garde recule*," "*la garde recule*," makes us for the moment almost wish he had gained the day. Ney felt the immense responsibility resting upon him. He felt the pressure of an empire on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That Guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines. Without the beating of a drum or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole columns disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The column closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till fire had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But the sudden firing of that hitherto unseen rank into their very faces, pouring a sheet of flame into their bosoms, was too much for human courage. They reeled, shook, turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him back, he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific tide, and would have done so had it not been for the fifty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time they stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though we believe Ney did what no other man in Europe could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so balefully over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo with him at their head will be pointed to by the remotest generations with a shudder.

We now come to the expiation of his treason by a public execution. The allies, after they assembled in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsel prevailed, and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. Though no more guilty than Marshal Soult, and many others, it was impossible to save him. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the Marshals of France refused to try so brave, generous, and heroic a warrior. By a royal ordinance, the Chamber of Peers was directed to try him. Scoring to take advantage of any technicalities of law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of a hundred and

fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason, in the letter of the charge, was evident, but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor and glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a lasting disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the *excuse* not the *ground* of his condemnation. To have carried out the principle on which his sentence was based, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Labedoyere were the only victims offered up to appease an unjust hatred. Wellington should have interfered to save so gallant an enemy at the hazard of his own life.

Ney was publicly shot by Frenchmen.

His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in—"Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney?—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. This over, he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said "Marshal, you should now think of death," he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, "Comrade, you are right; send for the Curate of St. Sulpice; I will die as becomes a Christian!"

The place is still shown in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where he was executed. As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation—"Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye—now subdued and solemn—turned towards heaven, said with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles, "I declare before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy!—*Vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart, and said—"My comrades, fire on me!" Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Says Colonel Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus he who had fought *five hundred battles* for France—not *one* against her—was shot as a traitor."

His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight years of age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family, that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquiries, and though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how or where he died.

The great fault in Ney's character was indolence. Unless his energies were summoned from their repose by some pressing danger, he was inclined to inactivity. Yet this tendency, which has so often been severely censured, is almost necessarily associated with the prodigious power and resolution he possessed. The Lion is not easily roused, and strength is always immobile till there is a call equal to its capacity. The heavy English squares can never be converted into light troops without losing their invincible tenacity. Bonaparte possessed in an extraordinary degree the strange combination of high nervous excitement—constant activity and headlong impetuosity—with unconquerable endurance, steady courage, and clear and comprehensive judgment. In this he was unlike almost any other man in history. Ney had not this combination, and we would like to have those who criticise his character, point to one besides Napoleon, that has.

Ney was also plain and direct even to bluntness, and often offend his friends by the freedom with which he spoke of their errors. He never lost sight of his low origin, and was never ashamed of it. To some young officers boasting of their rank, titles, etc., he said—"Gentlemen, I was less fortunate than you. I got nothing from my family, and I esteemed myself rich at Metz, when I had two loaves of bread on my table." Simple and austere in his habits, he reminds one of an old Greek or Roman hero. The vacillation of feeling which caused him to commit the great error of his life, adds to our sympathy for him, while it injures the perfection of his character. It led him to be a humane soldier, and when second in command frequently to disobey orders for the execution of criminals. He was a kind yet fearless commander, an untiring and skilful leader, and a warm-hearted and noble man.

We have said nothing of the work from which we have taken some of the minor incidents of his life, for we have never before seen so poor a book made from such excellent materials. Next to Bonaparte, Marshal Ney furnishes the best character for a memoir, of any modern general. His life is full of adventure, and characterized throughout by great actions. Yet his friends, in compiling these Memoirs, have followed no law but chronological order. All his papers and letters, both those written by himself and those received from others, seem to have been arranged according to their dates, and printed in a volume form. There is no grouping and no unity, and the reader stumbles on amid a mass of ill-arranged matter, wondering how human ingenuity could produce so stupid a book, from such abundant and interesting materials. There is not a single battle described in it with even third rate ability, while with all the heterogeneous mass gathered together, the work is still incomplete. The life of Marshal Ney is yet to be written.

Democratic Review for April, 1845.

ON CONSIDERING ONESELF HORSEWHIPPED.

BY THE LATE LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

In the annals of private quarrel, or of quarrel between man and man—which is at least as frequent and distinguishing a feature of the personal history of the human race as war is of the history of all nations in all ages—the phrase "consider yourself horsewhipped" figures as a golden maxim; and it is peculiar to the plain injunction which it contains, that it appears to have been, in every instance, implicitly respected and obeyed. Multitudinous as are the examples of its application, and constantly as they are accumulating, there is not on record a single case of non-submissiveness. The injunction carries obedience with it; the smack of the whip is in the words the instant they become audible; and the person whose ear is tingled by them instinctively feels horsewhipped.

Let this be a settled point at once, or all the superstructure we may raise will fall to the ground. There is no rational doubt that the words have the whip in them. It is of no use to quote Shakespeare—

Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus!

Let it once be admitted that a flagellation ought to take place, and nothing can be more delicate, humane, or enlightened, than the policy described in the injunction, "Consider yourself horsewhipped;" the man with a whole skin, believing himself, without the slightest mental reservation, to have been sacrificed on the spot. It is only necessary to elicit the same enthusiastic and spontaneous concurrence of sentiment in relation to fifty other duties, ceremonies and circumstances, of constant occurrence in society, that prevails upon this point—to divest our fellow-creatures of half their worst toils, to rid them of half their galling grievances, and thus to lengthen by one half their term of honourable enjoyment in life.

How superior in a thousand instances would be the operation of this imaginative influence, and this unshakeable moral belief, to the clumsy and eccentric laws fashioned by the wisdom of Parliaments. Take a solitary example. How laborious, intricate, and, after all, abortive, is the whole machinery of insolvency laws, compared with the practice which must be put in force were the system adverted to established! What would then be required? Simply what common sense requires:—that the debtor should call upon his creditor, shake a purse over his head or an empty pocket in his face, exclaiming at the same time in the presence of witnesses, "Consider yourself paid!"—the creditor instinctively admitting that he had received the last farthing, and the spectators avouching that they all saw the money put down.

What is supposable of payments by lash, may be as readily understood of payments in cash. In fact, it is but putting the imaginative faculty a little further to the stretch than we do now, extending that implicit belief with which we have already taught ourselves to look upon six inches of flimsy, perishable paper, and to consider we have got indestructible gold.

But this is anticipating. We should rather begin by ending the convenient assumption from the whip to the pistol; and, *etc.* if it can be admitted with any practical effect, in one case, it is admitted in the other. Thus, although we cannot abolish the evil of duelling, we can abolish all the most painful, tragic, and unchristian part of the practice at a blow. Imagination might snap its bloodless fingers, instead of hair triggers, in the face of matter-of-fact. Let it be clearly understood that the unavoidable meeting takes place according to regulations dictated by the nicest honour on both sides; let the parties confront each other with the composure natural to gentlemen and men of courage; and all formalities being adjusted, let one consider that he has a shattered knee-pan, while the other considers that a bullet has lodged in his left clavicle. This is as easy as letter-writing, or levelling horse-pistols after they have actually been loaded.

Those who object that none of us would consider the duellists in such a case to be maimed and wounded, must be prepared to answer how it is, that we all so miraculously agree in the case of the horsewhip that has never been within the thong's length of the shoulders known and acknowledged to be scourged.

So facile is the power of supposition, that it is within every man's ability to suppose a shot through the brain, or to institute, if necessary, an imaginary widow and a bereaved family: and thus, the ferocity, the anguish, the demoralizing influences of duelling may be, by a simultaneous action, sudden as magic, effectually suppressed.

Why not introduce the grand machinery of pure fiction into the military system, set up the whole art of lying at the War-office, and establish the sham-fight principle at the Horse Guards! As the whole system, save the war, is on with real canon and fixed bayonets, is clearly between governments and people, as between nation and nation, a system of make-believe, why not, in the name of reason (if the word be still English), extend it to army and navy! How economical would be the fiction here! A single lie—the mere effort, that is to say, of imagining that a brilliant campaign had taken place—would lower taxation. And then what a saving of life, what a treasuring up of brave young blood, what an escape from the stifling, the world-darkening smoke of carnage, would result from it!

The supposition system is undisguisedly introduced into some of our courts of justice. Look, for instance, at the invariable ceremony with which a court-martial terminates when a verdict of guilty is returned, and a reprimand is the reward. The president addressing the defendant, and announcing that the court has ordered him to be severely reprimanded, uniformly adds, "And you are severely reprimanded," which concludes the affair.

This is saying, "The court orders you to be punished, and you must consider yourself punished—we have nothing more to say to you!" No reprimand is delivered; the president uses no lash in the language he employs; he talks no strip of skin off the prisoner's back; he utters no stern rebuke an hour long, stinging him all over; he chokes him with no hard, bitter words; he burns no ineffaceable stigma into his flesh; but, on the contrary, politely informs him that he is reprimanded, and leaves him to suppose the terms of the unspoken rebuke as may be most agreeable to himself. How a sentence can be more imaginary, it is difficult to conceive, the punishment being limited to the bare announcement of it. It is well that the culprit is officially informed that the reprimand he does not hear is a severo one, or he might never be able to consider himself severely reprimanded.

If strict military honour can thus be satisfied, and sacred justice be fulfilled, while every body's feelings are humanely spared by the reprimand being left to imagination, why should not the same excellent principle be tried in the case of corporal punishments, and the cat-o'-nine-tails be as the cat in the fairy tale, entirely a creature of the fancy! Nay, if a man is to consider himself reprimanded when not a word has been spoken, why may not another be indulged with permission to consider himself hanged, omitting the ceremony of the rope. The fiction would not be less grave or effective for issuing from the lips of a judge. "The sentence is, that you be hanged by the neck, and you are hanged;" the offender thenceforth supposing himself to be always in a state of suspension.

Nor is this doctrine to be battered down by the ridicule to which in too many respects it palpably lies open. Very true, the facetious might invite one to assumed banquets, saying, "I have given you an invitation, and you may consider that you have dined with me," sitting one down to much imaginary game, and to vinous draughts, purely supposititious. Nor is it to be urged in objection that the patron might say to his petitioner, suing for a place, "Consider yourself engaged," though place there was none; because this would be but the continuance of a practice existing time out of memory.

Nor is it to be said that a grasping low-minded attorney (a creature that crawls everywhere about this metropolis,) under a system which took so much for granted, and drew so largely on credulity, would faster more wolfishly than ever on his client, by canting in the popular language, "Consider me as your friend!" and thereby preying upon the honest with greater security and despatch. This objection fails at once, because under no conceivable state of things can the supposition be entertained, that a client not crazed would con-

sider any thing so utterly irreconcileable with reason and experience. These are things that cannot be supposed—they are too monstrous. Belief must have its limits, if it were once to pass that point, it must be boundless for ever, and incredulity have no place in the mind.

Nor is there greater apprehension that in the coming day, when things which are in any respect disagreeable shall be imagined instead of performed, a cautious host would dream of sparing his cellar by suggesting to his guests that they should consider themselves drunk at the emptying of the first bottle, instead of opening the other dozen. And even if such a frisk of the fancy were once resorted to, it would not be without its parallel, as is well known to the visitors of that Bacchanalian enthusiast and inveterate drinker, who, when friends met at his board, placed a bottle of wine on the table, locked the room door, put the key in his pocket, and looking round exultingly at the assembled seven, extravagantly cried, "None of ye are going, till all that's gone!" The desperate Anti-Mathewite and truly jolly dog! Who would not wish to have been of the party!

The worst that could happen if the principle contended for were everywhere in practice, would be matched in the past; the imagination being already as much strained for bad, as it would then be for good purposes. What can be more difficult than for a couple of boys to look upon themselves in the light of one—single boy! The Siamese could not have done it. And yet an advertisement has appeared in the journals in these words—"Wanted two apprentices, who may consider themselves as one of the family." At dinner-time, too! It shall go hard when the "considering" plan comes into fair play, but we will have the tables turned, and one apprentice considering himself as hungry as two of the family, every morning at breakfast.

Above all, it is desirable to remember, that before the new doctrine can be universally acted upon, a simple rule must be laid down—it is this: that the principle of supposing occurrences, and giving effect to them as if they had really happened, applies solely and entirely to painful, toilsome, troublesome, and unprofitable affairs: and is never to be allowed scope, or to be admitted as a law, when the matter on hand is of a gay, easy, and exhilarating kind. All business of an agreeable nature, every ceremony calculated to delight, is to be performed as usual; but when the duty is a decided bore, and the discharge of it painful to the feelings, the performance is to be presumed by popular consent, as in the well-known civil whip-case, and the military ceremony of the reprimand: "Consider yourself horsewhipped!" "And you are reprimanded!"

REMINISCENCES OF A FRENCH PRISON.

BY FLEXIBLE GRUMMET.—[Continued]

THE MARCH—THE FRACAS—THE SNOW STORM—THE HALT—THE RENCONTRE

It was early morning when I quitted my comfortable bed at Blackeman's, with the unpleasant feeling upon my mind, that I was about to go forth a prey to fortune and France *gensd'armes*. The order for our departure had come much sooner than had been expected, but the Privateer Captain lost not a moment in applying for leave that I might be allowed to travel to the depot on parole; but this I had no intention of doing, as I was aware that it must be entirely at my own expense, with one or two guards to pay and keep by the way; and though the masters of the captured traders, having made a similar application, which, if we travelled together, would diminish the outlay, yet my determination was fixed not to associate with men who had shown themselves so utterly destitute of humanity; besides, my poor fellows had earnestly begged of me not to leave them, that a sort of chivalrous defiance of toil came over me, in order to show the superiority of the Royal Naval Service over that of the mercantile marine, as it respected the treatment afforded by the officers of each; so that before the return of Jean Blackeman, my mind was decidedly made up to remain with, and share the fortunes of, my lads.

On descending to the breakfast-room, I found the Privateer's Man already there, and looking vexed, disappointed, and gloomy; but he brightened up as I approached, and extending his hand, exclaimed,—

"Bon jour, mon ami; I see you have prepared for departure, so sit down and make a hearty meal before you start, remembering that there is not much time for delay, as you must be at the prison in less than one hour from this. As sayez vous donc—"

"And the feuille de route?" said I, inquiringly, as I anticipated by his looks that his request had not been granted. "Have you succeeded?"

"Sacre!" replied he, with much bitterness, as his teeth grinded together. "Non, Monsieur; they would not even take my word, corps pour corps. Some of your countrymen have lately escaped from the *gensd'armes*, and as the latter are responsible for their prisoners, several are now in custody, which has caused the others to be revengeful and vicious, and but a poor time I fear you will have of it with them. I am sorry I ever saw you," added he. "Mais, n'importe, it is the fortune of war, my friend, and I really do feel much attached to you." He looked cautiously around, and laying his hand heavily upon my arm, he uttered in an under tone, "It is perhaps all for the best; your parole d'honneur will not have to be given, and no one can tell what may happen on the road. If,"—he suddenly ceased, and looked with deep earnestness in my face,—it is enough," continued he; "you cannot wish me to say more, nor shall you find that I will do less. Exercise sound judgment, and act with discretion, which, you know, is the 'better part of valour.' Bear in mind, also," and he assumed a theatrical attitude, "He that will have a cake of the wheat, must tarry the grinding."

"Be advised:

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion."

I fathomed his meaning, but not without strong doubts as to his sincerity, and yet he had given me no grounds for suspicion—it is true he had re-captured his prize, but no one could blame him for that—in a moment of irritation he had struck me a rather severe blow, but I could not deny to myself that his subsequent treatment had been most generous and kind to all, and now he was evidently—although indirectly—offering to aid me in making my escape to England, should I at any time be fortunate enough to return to Dunkirk, which probably, might appear to him an utter impossibility. However, there certainly was a manifestation of confidence and succour that appeared to be genuine and real, and I cordially thanked him.

"You will have much to contend against, mon ami," said he, whilst eating our morning meal; "mais, I have done all I could or durst for you, and if you are found worthy of it, your parole will be given you when further on your journey. I have also been enabled, by a timely present to the Commandant—they are rather sharp hands in driving a bargain too—well, I have got

permission that you may have a small wagon to ride in for the first day or two, and it will be in readiness in a very short interval. I dare not furnish you with letters to any of my friends, and, indeed, I have but few, yet, rely upon it, I will not forget you."

"May I inquire, Monsieur, why you take this interest in the welfare of one who must be almost an entire stranger to you?" inquired I, desirous of ascertaining the reality of his intentions.

"Pardon me," returned he, "it is somewhat of a mystery to myself. At first I felt that I had done you an injury—but your companionship, and especially the regard you showed for your men—in short, Sir, there are many things. I may one day be un pauvre prisonnier myself. Nay, I must expect to be so, and I am much the creature of presentiment, Monsieur. You, perhaps, may be called upon to do for me what I voluntarily undertake to do for you—let it rest, Sir—let it rest," added he somewhat impatiently. "Come lay in good sea-store, we must soon be up and away."

There was wisdom in this counsel and I followed it, but my mind kept dwelling on the prospect of escaping, and the probability of his sheltering and concealing me could I reach the port. Several times I was about to question him further on his indefinite promises, but I felt there would be a certain degree of impropriety in it that might foil my own ends, and therefore, I deemed it most prudent to trust to his indirect assurances. The breakfast was over, I put on the warmest of the clothing he had supplied me with, and announced that I was ready.

"We part here, mon ami," said he somewhat mournfully, "it would excite suspicion were I to be present at your departure, and many keen eyes are watching every movement. Besides, your poor fellows might be induced, in the fulness of their hearts, to utter things that are as well kept snug amongst ourselves;" he firmly grasped my hand, uttered "farewell," and then with a stage-like twist he turned round and left the apartment.

All this embarrassed me extremely—it is true I was comfortably clad, but except a very trifling sum of two or three guineas I was moneyless and though I had enjoyed a hearty breakfast, yet, I did hope, that Blackeman would have extended his kindness to provisioning me for another day. Unpleasant reflections came across me and made me ungrateful. "He is but hollow after all," thought I, and with that idea went all my hopes of escape through his means. My better sentiments told me I had no claim whatever to his consideration, and yet I experienced a sickening sensation of disappointment at being thus abandoned to almost destitution. Nor did I at all admire the manner of our parting, there was too much of coldness and formality about it.

"Je suis pret, monsieur," said the serving man as he stood at the open door. "With your leave I am ordered to accompany you before the authorities—the gensd'armes are mustering, Sir. Ah!" and he shook his head with much gravity, "they are—mais, dépêchez vous, s'il vous plaît, Monsieur, or parbleu, they will show us what they are."

I cast a sorrowful look round the room, for there is always something painful in quitting a place of enjoyment and repose, but without uttering a word I followed the servant, who led the way to prison. More than once or twice during the walk opportunities offered themselves for running away, and I was half tempted to make the trial: but recollections of my parole, and the dis-honour of returning ingratitude for kindness and confidence, deterred me. There was also the improbability of ultimate success, and other matters that weighed against the attempt, and in a short time I was delivered up to the custody of the gaoler, whom I accompanied to the yard, where the prisoners, twenty-three in number, were drawn up, and whilst some were undergoing interrogatories, others were having their proportions duly measured, and their peculiarities noticed, in order to write out a correct description of each person. This afforded considerable amusement to the reckless seamen, and there was much laughing on both sides at the many mistakes which were momentarily occurring through the want of a better knowledge of each other's language, whilst several who stood forward as interpreters only increased the confusion.

My arrival was timely, as I undertook the office of translator, and afterwards submitted myself to be questioned and my altitude taken. Next ensued a general search, and not an article of clothing, even to the very skin, went unexplored. My lads, who had expressed their delight at seeing me by a hearty cheer, were warmly clad, but bag or baggage they had none, with the exception of rough blanket of thick fear-nought each; of money they were entirely destitute, and therefore their examination did not last long. The masters of the merchantmen had saved some guineas, which, with their watches and any valuable that was discovered, were taken from them and receipts given, in order that they might be reclaimed when they reached the depot. Even I did not remain unmolested: the gold I had about me was taken away, and I was directed to apply to the officer for what small sums I might want to provide myself with necessities. This naturally produced grumbling and complainings, but they were of no avail, for though they possibly might in some measure ease the passion of the heart, they failed to bring back a single sou to the pocket. When all these preliminaries had been gone through, the officer of the *gensd'armes*, who was on horseback, addressed the prisoners, exhorting them to be peaceable, and march quietly without making any attempt to escape, which he pronounced to be impossible to effect, and could only bring death upon those who tried to accomplish it, or to resist the guards, who had positive orders to shoot the refractory, without a moment's hesitation. He next said a few words to the escort on forbearance and discharge of duty; then, placing himself at our head, he gave the word to "march." But it was some time before any progress was made: there was difficulty in getting honest Jack into anything like marching order; at last we started, and at the prison-gate another stoppage occurred, for a light-tilted cart was drawn up across the passage, so as in a great measure to debar all egress at the portal.

"Diable," exclaimed the angry officer, "move out of the way, you rascal, or you shall learn better manners in a dark cell—move on, I say," and he struck the horse with the flat end of his sword, which made the animal rear and plunge, and show more mettle than his bony appearance would have gained him credit for possessing. The driver calmed his steed, but held his ground, and then waved a piece of paper above his head.

"Pour la prisonnier Anglais," shouted he loudly; "Monsieur l'officier—en signe de vaisseau!"

It at once struck me that this was the vehicle which had been procured for my conveyance by Captain Blackeman; but as I had no means of paying for its use, so for the moment I considered it best to say nothing about it. The commander of the escort, however, took the paper, and, after perusing it, told the driver to "draw on one side, and follow in the rear." This was immediately done, and we passed out to commence our journey to Cambrai. There were not many persons assembled to witness our departure, but most of the inhabitants came out to look at us as we proceeded through the several streets

to the gate leading into the country. Some of the spectators crowded close upon us, and not a few would have plentifully stored us with provisions, but for the gens'armes, who ioperatively ordered them off, and those who did not immediately obey were either pushed backward by the butts of the muskets, or tickled under the ribs with the points of the bayonets—both *gentle* persuaders in their way. The seamen had behaved well, but the worthy fellows had no idea of being deprived of food that was thus generously offered to them, as Andrews remarked, "free gratia for nothing," and accordingly they insisted upon their right to receive it, which they enforced by a general halt, and a positive refusal to stir a step further; nor could the application of the cold iron, nor the threatening of hotter work, move them one inch, though their angry and indignant feelings were rapidly rising to fever heat, and there seemed to be materials for a desperate affray gathering fast, in which the townspoeple bade fair to join, as their menaces indicated a thorough detestation of the tyranny of the escort, which consisted of only eight men and an officer. These fellows, however, knew their authoritative power over the civilians, and that the law decreed death to an unfortunate prisoner who might be provoked to strike out; and, with the exception of the officer commanding, they were, in truth, a ruffianly and rascally set, more like brigands than soldiers.

Fearful that these desperadoes, though few in number, would perpetrate deadly mischief, I calmly and politely addressed the officer, who behaved with some degree of fairness, and requested that my men might not be so roughly dealt with; if he was acting in accordance with orders received, then I expressed my conviction that if it was properly explained there would be no show of resistance, though such an inhuman and monstrous command could not, I was certain, have emanated from any soul breathing whom heaven had blessed with feelings of compassion for misfortune, but if it was the mere whim or caprice of our guards, thus cowardly to deprive a gallant but captured enemy of the kindly commiseration and help of a humane community, then I myself, would be one of the first to seek redress, though their bayonets might be dyed with the blood of unarmed prisoners.

I spoke loudly and firmly, and every word was heard by the surrounding throng that was momentarily increasing, and whose plaudits at the close were not to be restrained. Had I been so disposed, the disarming of these petty tyrants would have only been the active effort of a few minutes, and by the characteristic turning up of the sleeves of some, and the dowsing of the jackets of others, I plainly saw that one injudicious or intemperate word of encouragement would set the whole of the inflammable passions in a blaze, and though the result could neither be doubtful nor pleasant to contemplate, yet the escort would most likely have perished before any rescue could have been afforded. The officer himself seemed to be sensible of this, and he was also aware of that which I was not acquainted with till some time afterwards; viz. the utter abhorrence of the population to his corps, who ruled that part of the country with a despotic sway that rendered the people constantly unsafe and miserable; much of the horrible conscription system was in their hands, and which they did not fail themselves of to extort money and maintain a rule of terror; in fact these men were selected from former armies of the revolution as fit instruments to keep in awe the peaceful citizens and simple peasantry—they were thoroughly hated.

The officer demanded what was the nature of our grievances, and as he both spoke and understood a little English he did so in our own country tongue Old Miller, who had some time been extremely fidgetty, stepped forth, but his collar was instantly grappled by one of the privates, who strove to thrust him back; Andrews bounded forward with the speed of a stricken cricket ball to the side of his veteran shipmate, and with an "Avast, you lubber," and a jerk, twitched the arm of the guard so as to set Miller at liberty. A rattling of muskets promptly followed, and the clicking of locks plainly indicated that unless something was done to appease the tumult, blood would be shed and lives would be sacrificed. Another minute would probably have ended in mortal strife, when the Mayor of the town accompanied by a superior officer of gens'armes galloped up, and stayed the conflict.

Never shall I forget the tumult that arose; it was a horrible confusion of tongues, all jabbering at once, and each one eager to tell his own tale. At length by dint of bawling, something like silence was restored, and I was requested to explain matters, which I did as briefly, but as energetically as possible; and with the proud independent spirit of my country, I inveighed against the aggressions which were contrary to every principle that ought to actuate the breasts of brave men and conquerors.

The leader of the escort was interrogated, and after some private conversation old Miller was called, and he stepped out accompanied by his daring messmate Andrews. Here again my knowledge of the French language was put in requisition but as quickly rejected, for the Mayor hailed some one in the crowd to come to him, and the next minute Jean Blackeman presented himself to view. He was directed to interpret Miller's replies, but the old seaman did not wait to be questioned, he boldly commenced his harangue in true nautical style.

"Gentlemen whomever you may be, you are all owld enough to know as its an ill wind as blows nobdy good. I have been unfortunate enough to travel this here road before, and I have logged down in my memory many a banyan day upon horse-beans and chopped straw, and not a few when the allowance as got served out was less than nothing, with a draught of putrefied water to wash it down, and then a spike nail to prick for the softest plank or stone to rest weary and aching limbs. And what was all this for? why, because I had done my duty to my King and Country. Well, gentleman, here I am in limbo again, with the blessed prospect of calavans and streaked lightning to fill our hungry and empty combustibles, and a precious lot of dirty ice to suck by way of desert, without one drop of comfort to thaw it and to cherish the cockles of our hearts; no, not even so much as a raw chaw or a purser's poke to keep alive the spark in vitality's tinder-box." And here the old tar gave a fearful flourish with his hand in commendation of his own eloquence, and Blackeman cast a look at me expressive of sly humour as he gave his own peculiar translation of the veteran's address.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," exclaimed the Mayor in perplexity, before the privateer's man had time to interpret, "dites moi, Monsieur Blackeman, vat sal dat be, de raw jaw and de posseir's poque. En vérité, dese Anglais are—"

Before he could give full utterance to his invective, the Captain of the privateer had rendered him the required information, at which he laughed, and after a short conversation with the officer the fracas was appeased.

"Dépêchez-vous, make haste into the wagon," said Blackeman to me in an under tone, "everything will go well, but do not quarrel with these fellows, they have the power, and the will too, to injure you; adieu!" and he turned briskly away, as the guard hurried us onwards, though with some difficulty of

progress, as no further hindrance was made to the prisoners being supplied by the inhabitants, and many of them were rather heavily loaded.

I ascended the light cart without further inquiry, though I must own that I felt somewhat indignant at being deprived of my money, and that Blackeman, who must have been aware of my necessities, had not supplied me with a small portion of food. It was a sharp, frosty, cold, dry day, and as there was plenty of straw in the cart I partly buried myself beneath it, and whilst doing so I struck against something hard concealed underneath, but at the moment took no farther notice as I rightly conjectured that whatever it was it had been purposely placed out of sight of the guards. The road was hard and ice-bound as we quitted this ancient place and proceeded on our journey. As soon, however, as we were well clear of all the houses the gens'armes became authoritative and pressing to move quicker, but at the first halt they were relieved by a party of the gardes à cheval, and, venting their imprecations, they left us, but not without giving us the character of troublesome fellows to our new escort, whom we found to be a somewhat different sort of soldiers.

On resuming our march the prisoners were bound by the arm to a long rope fastened on to the saddles of the horsemen, which annoyed them greatly. Andrews, as I said before, had been wounded, and with difficulty I obtained for him permission to ride with me, in fact, after getting well forward on the highway the rope was removed from several of the seamen who appeared to conduct themselves more quietly than the rest. At the descent of a hill, being some distance in advance, I embraced an opportunity of inspecting the substance I had found in the cart, it was a soldier's haversack with biscuit, two immense sausages or Bolognas, at least three pounds each in weight, a flask of excellent brandy, a canteen with water, and several other good things of this world, together with a small bag containing fifteen louis d'or. There was no paper nor any communication to inform me from whom this welcome present came, nor whether it was designed for me or not, but I conjectured that it had been conveyed thither by Jean Blackeman's contrivance, and then felt the reason that nothing had been said upon the subject—had I received them previously they would have been taken away from me; now I was determined to devote the whole to myself and my gallant fellows.

"It's a reg'lar God-send, Muster Grummet," said Andrews joyfully, "and I wish, Sir, you could just give owld Miller a toothful out of that 'ere flask." I smiled, which he took for a suspicion, that I considered he included himself in the application. "No, no Sir, no," continued he vehemently, "you do me wrong there, Sir, so help me Bob! not but as I should like a drop all the same for that, yet I spoke ownly for Miller, and not for nobdy else whatsomever; he is a hearty weatherly owld soul, Muster Grummet, and there aint an officer living as knows it better than you do."

I readily assented to the old man's excellent qualities, but it was impossible to tender him the brandy, or even to let him understand just then that I had got it, but when we halted for the night at a small town between Dunkirk and Ypres, we were consigned to a strong barn-like building for security, and here I was enabled to serve out my provisions undisturbed. The weather was piercing cold, but no fire was allowed lest we should burn down the place. I remonstrated with the officer, but he was positive in his refusal, and therefore we were compelled to huddle together for warmth, and as there was no light it was impossible for any one to see who was his neighbour. Miller and my own people kept together, and as the straw was clean we did pretty well; the masters of the merchant-vessels with their mates were excluded and compelled to keep aloof from all the rest, till they got to quarrelling amongst themselves, and blows were presented and exchanged repeatedly, yet I must own that their conduct had been so unmannerly to their crews, that I could not feel for them as my countrymen under the same difficulty as myself. I certainly tried to restore tranquillity, and partially succeeded, but at intervals the tumult would break out again, and it struck me as something remarkable, that amidst unavoidable distress which could not but grieve the heart most bitterly, commotion and strife should wilfully arise to increase the suffering; though perhaps the one might originate the other in minds that were unaccustomed to the control of reason.

I passed a miserable night, notwithstanding my poor lads had done their best to make me comfortable, and tried by surrounding me with their own bodies to keep mine warm. I had often laid upon the deck in both calm and breeze, and slept soundly too, but then I was a free man; the ship under snug canvas, and no danger at hand. Now, however, I was a prisoner; there were those in England stowed away delightedly in bed, who thought but little of flexible, though I believe some amongst them loved him—one I was sure did—and I felt what it was to have charge of the prize-crew, as worthy a set of jolly seamen as ever reeved a topsail or danced a hornpipe. Besides I had served my time and expected promotion, which my existing condition must retard till I could return to England, all these, as Jack would say, were "hard lines," and whilst lying awake, for sleep I could not, I revolved in my memory the best method for making my escape. To go further from the coast would be unadvisable and yet it would most probably be next to impossible to get clear off from where I then was; besides if I could effect it my men would be left to fight their own battles without a leader or protector; my determination was fixed, I resolved to proceed further and act as circumstances dictated.

Those who have experienced unpleasant and restless slumber, may in some measure comprehend what I suffered, but not the full extent. Several times I had become oblivious to the world, and perhaps might have enjoyed repose when the squabbles of the merchant men awoke me, and as I persuaded myself from a deep refreshing sleep, which with the cause rendered its loss the more annoying, and when utterly wearied, I was in fact hard and fast, the voices of our guards commanding us to arise, set all further rest at defiance, unless in my wagon. We were not long at our toilettes—washing was impracticable, for the pump was frozen, and after a ration of black bread, horse-beans, and hard cheese, (the latter by the way considered a delicacy,) we pursued our route: the men lashed to the rope,—Andrews on the wagon; but to circulate the blood in my veins, I was allowed, as an especial indulgence, to pad the hoof by the side of the officer of the guard, who slinging his bridle over his arm, footed it along assuredly in no merry mood, for shortly after our departure the snow came down thick and heavy, so as almost to blind us. I would have sought the tilted wagon, but I thought it would look pusillanimous to seek shelter, whilst the French were exposed to the storm, and so affecting a carelessness which I acknowledge I did not feel, I walked steadily on till we arrived at Ypres, where the officer resolved to remain till some clearance occurred in the state of the weather, and invited me to pass the remainder of the day with him. I would have declined this at once, but I wanted to make a friend of him, or rather was desirous to lead him astray, as far as my intentions to get away were concerned, and, consequently, I accepted the invite, on condition that I paid the expense of dinner, &c., and another powerful temptation was to get a bed to lay upon supposing my scheme for decamping failed. First of

all, however, the officer demanded my parole d'honneur that I would use no means for departing clandestinely, and to remove any unpleasant doubts that might prejudice his mind I gave it, although my so doing deprived me of the power to carry my designs into effect.

The prisoners were deposited in an old building that was much dilapidated. It had formerly been a religious house, but was going rapidly to decay, the walls in several parts were open to the sky, but the snow had stopped up the apertures, and prevented the entrance of the wind; the casements were some of them remaining, but the glass was gone or shattered, and the spaces filled up by old planking green with moisture, that was nailed over all. The staircases had tumbled down, except that here and there a step or two clung to the sides, or hung in mockery of all who would strive to tread upon them. Our gaol had no doubt been the chapel; indeed there were evident marks that such had been the case, for we could trace the altars that had been dedicated to sanctity, especially the high altar from which had been diffused the sacred blessing of the priest, upon those who had assembled to worship the Deity. Now, how changed! The owl and the bat had become the solitary tenants, and the only visitors, were unfortunates like ourselves. Here the poor fellows prepared their resting-place for the night, glad that they had no further to advance for several hours; and here it was, that after communicating with Andrews and Miller, to whom I gave money to purchase food, that I pledged my word not to steal off, and was permitted to be at large—if it could be truly called so.

The inn the officer conducted me to was not of a first-rate character; it was in fact very little better than a common public-house, but the fire glowed brightly, and the room we occupied was cheering and warm, especially when placed in comparison with the wretched building I had quitted. A request from the masters of the merchant-men came praying that they might be released upon their parole, but this was not within the power of the gend'armes to grant, but I prevailed upon my companion to let them have a fire round which they might enjoy themselves; but even this indulgence led to a disturbance, for one of the mates, a quarrelsome chap, insisted upon an especial place for himself; partisanship arose, sides were chosen, and there would have been a general fight, but for the intervention of the guards, who put the ringleaders by themselves, to the great joy of the rest.

We had an excellent dinner, with some good wine after it; the landlady, an elderly but kind-hearted woman, did her best to please us, and her daughter, a pretty, brisk, black-eyed demoiselle of sixteen, favoured us with her attendance and vivacity. Whilst in the presence of my companion she seemed to be all animation and life, but when it was possible to do so, without being observed by him, her look at me was keen and expressive of strong commiseration. Young as I was, yet circumstances had endued me with sufficient penetration to judge that she felt for the position in which I stood as a prisoner, and the hardships I should have to undergo before we could reach the dépôt. Perhaps, too, she thought of those whom I had left in England, but let it be which way it would, I felt satisfied that I had found a friend. In the evening the officer left me for a while, and then Marie cautiously entered the room. I took her hand, pressed it between my own, and at once told her that I was aware she pitied me, "and," added I, "you would assist me if you could."

"I would indeed!" responded she, "and so would my mother, but my father—" and she shrugged up her shoulders, but said no more.

"And what of your father?" inquired I, "with Madame Mere and yourself I might—"

"I understand your meaning," said she, interrupting me, "but I fear the accomplishment is impossible, the gend'armes—" and she grinned with malevolence, "yes, they are about in all directions."

"It is not impracticable to a willing mind, Marie," uttered I with firmness. "I will throw myself into your hands by telling you at once that I purpose trying it. I have a mother, dearest Marie, a kind, gentle-hearted mother like yours; I have sisters too, my sweet one, yes, sisters that love me, and," drawing her nearer to my side, "will weep most bitterly when they hear of my disaster;" the tears started to her eyes, and I kissed them away. "I do not ask you to act prominently in the affair, but if a poor weary traveller should knock at your door would you refuse him admittance? would you, Marie?" She looked up in my face, and smiling through her cloud of sorrow, emphatically answered,

"No, that I would not; he, that is, you should be welcome. I will arrange it with ma bons parents. But, Henri—" I was about to put her right with respect to my name, but it sounded prettily, and so I continued silent, "Henri, you must act with great caution; the officer with you is a bad man, however fair he may seem to the eye: he is vindictive and revengeful, and he persecutes me with his hateful addresses."

The poor girl shuddered whilst uttering those last words, and I embraced her more closely in my arms; "Oh, were you in England, Marie," said I, fondly, "how happy we might be together."

"In England!" returned she, smiling, "and what service could I render you in England, whilst you remained in France? No, no, Monsieur Henri, it is not your country that I am thinking of, it is your mother; it is not your affections that I would seek, but your misfortunes have created an interest in your welfare. I am poor, Henri, but I would neither dishonour you nor disgrace myself. Marie Dupont is proud."

I felt myself rebuked, and deservedly so, for it could not be supposed that any very powerful attachment could have been formed within so short a time, but I not only felt rebuked, a sense of shame came over me for using subterfuge.

"You are a noble, generous girl, Marie," said I, with energy, whilst straining her to my heart, "and every thought of my spirit shall be revealed to you. I—"

She flung from me with impassioned vehemence, and uttering the word "Beware," was the next instant out of the room, leaving me completely astonished at the strangeness of her conduct. I was, in fact, about to follow in order to ascertain the cause, and had reached the landing at the top of the stairs when a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, and a voice sounded harshly in my ear; it was the gend'arme's—

"Arrêtez-vous, mon ami," said he, somewhat caustically, that made me suspect he had been listening, and half induced me to throw him down the stairs.

"And why should I stop?" asked I proudly, as I took hold of him in return "I was going to—"

"Exactly so," responded he more placidly, "but there is no necessity to give yourself any further trouble about the matter, there has been a bit of a brush, but all is quiet now."

"Oh! it is you, my friend, is it?" said I, appearing to recollect him, for it was dark; "I was tired of being alone; come in and tell me what has happened."

We entered and seated ourselves, and more wine being placed on the table, he related to me the particulars of the quarrel amongst the prisoners, and what had been done to quell it. I very soon perceived that he had been drinking, but there was a certain manner about him that I could not fathom, an attempt at calmness, even coldness, that was far from being natural to the man, and when Marie came in some short time afterwards he vainly endeavoured to repress his restlessness, but with her all was so tranquil that I was convinced her lover was ignorant of out stolen interview. Complaining of weariness I retired to bed at an early hour, and was soon sound asleep, but it was of that uneasy kind which affords very little rest. I dreamed of all sorts of out-of-the-way things, my slumbers were too heavy to be refreshing either to the mind or to the body.

Whilst thus lying I was aroused by a supposition that some one touched me, and instantly springing up beheld Marie with a small wax taper in her hand standing by the bed-side. She was perfectly dressed, and pressing one hand upon me to lay down put the finger of the other upon her lips. She then set down her light, walked on tip-toe to the outside of the door, which she closed, and remained absent three or four minutes. On her return she came close to me again, and in a whisper scarcely audible, said—

"I have no other mode of speaking to you, Henri, and my stay must be very short. Hark!" and she stood for a minute in an attitude of profound listening. "It is nothing," continued she; "but again, my dear Sir, I warn you to be upon your guard. Do you want money? I have but little of my own, yet it shall be yours—do not deny me this gratification."

I took her hand as it laid upon the pillow and pressed it to my lips, "I will not ask you, Marie, why you exercise this generous kindness towards me. It is your nature to do so by all."

"Nay, nay," returned she quickly, and her voice was rather louder than before, "not to all, Sir,—not to all. There are some,"—she paused to listen, and then resumed,—"there is one my soul abhors, but I dare not speak; my father—hark—my father is in his power, and tyrannically it is used."

"You are cold, Marie," said I with tenderness; "come, lay by my side, no fondly attached brother—"

"Hush, hush, Monsieur Henri," answered she smartly, "I cannot remain, my mother is waiting for me, and it is from her that I am here to say you shall always find us friends. What is it you propose to do? speak unreservedly, you may to me, for I would not harm you for the world; what are your schemes?"

"To escape," replied I; "and you, Marie, my noble-minded maiden, must, aye, and I know will render me your aid." A thought crossed my mind that if any disaster occurred she would be brought into peril. "Yet—no Marie, I cannot, I ought not to ask it; what would become of you if I should be retaken, and it was discovered that you had any participation in my departure?"

She was silent for a minute, whilst I gazed earnestly upon her features; the interval was short, but it was solemn to me as it seemed to involve my future fortune.

"It requires nothing more than care," said she, "for myself I would be ready to meet any fate; but my parents—Henri—I could not bear to see them suffering, it would break my heart."

She sobbed, and gently pulling her towards me, I tried to soothe her mind. "One warm embrace, my Marie," said I, "and rely upon it I will never, never forget you;" she sank into my arms, but the next instant a man rushed into the room, I saw his bright blade flourished, as he uttered a *sacre*, and, springing up, stood on the floor unarmed face to face with the gend'arme.

BOOKSELLING BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE PRESS.

Whoever takes an interest in that progress of civilisation which has been helped on so materially by letters, will find much to instruct and entertain him in tracing back, through the records of past time, the rise and vicissitudes of the book-trade, and by finally looking round on the present condition of things, and following its progress up to the state in which it now exists. With this view we have busied ourselves in collecting various historical notices an anecdotes concerning booksellers and their craft from the earliest down to the present time.

Before the invention of printing, the articles in which the booksellers dealt were manuscript. These were inscribed on some flexible material, manufactured either from the inner bark of trees (hence the Latin word *liber*, and German *buche* or *book*), from the leaves of the papyrus plant, or from leather or parchment. In one of the earliest forms of books, only one side of the material was written on, and one sheet was joined to the end of another till the work, or one section of it, was finished, when it was rolled up on a cylinder, or staff. The leaves composing such books were designated *pagiōn*, from which we derive our term 'page'; the sticks upon which they were rolled were *cylindri*, at each end of which was a knob for evolving the scroll. These balls were called *umbilici*, or *cornua*, 'horns,' of which they were often made, though sometimes composed of bone, wood, or metal, either elaborately carved, or richly inlaid with gold, silver, or precious stones: the edges of the scroll were called *frontes*. On the outside of each scroll was written its title. In the earlier manuscripts, the writing was not divided into words, but joined in continuous lines. The Greeks read from right to left, and from left to right alternately, the reader commencing the one line immediately under the termination of the line above. This was a highly necessary arrangement for the guidance of the reader, who, by adopting the modern plan, would have been very apt to 'lose his place' on account of the extreme length of the lines; for those ancient volumes were much larger than we at the present day have any notion of. The scroll, when rolled up, was often a yard and a half long, and the lines of manuscript consequently very little short of that, across. When extended, each volume was sometimes fifty yards long. A roll of calico, such as is seen standing at linen-draper's shop windows, will give the reader some idea of the external form of an ancient book, without its umbilicus or roller. Each scroll was usually washed in cedar-oil, or strewn between each wrap with cedar or citron-chips, to prevent it from rotting or being eaten by insects. Ancient books did not exclusively consist of scrolls. The Romans had also books of papyrus, or vellum, folded in square leaves like ours. These they called *codices*.

Such were the articles which formed the stock in trade of a Grecian bookseller. The trader was also the manufacturer, keeping a number of transcribers to make copies of the works he sold. Diogenes Laertius mentions that there were at Athens public book-shops called *Bibliopoleia*; nor were these libraries solely devoted to the copying and selling manuscript books, for it was the custom among the learned to meet in the shops to discuss the lit-

erary gossip of the day, to criticise, possibly, a new comedy by Aristophanes, the tragedy of the last feast of Bacchus, or to dispute on the latest philosophic theory. In those times when, from the extreme labour of producing them, books were both dear and scarce, the shopkeeper sometimes hired a qualified person to read a new manuscript to his learned customers, and to give an exposition or lecture concerning it. This must have been an important branch of his business; for, from the high price of books, the sale of copies must have been upon a very limited scale. The works of Plato appear to have had an unusually large circulation, for concerning them history records one of the earliest instances of literary piracy: Hermodorus the Sicilian, a disciple of that philosopher, having turned his attention to bookselling, extended the sale of his master's works not only throughout Greece, but as far as Sicily. This was done, however, without the consent of the author.

When literature, in its onward course, left the shores of Greece and fixed itself for a time at Alexandria, under the fostering encouragement of the Ptolemies, the book-selling business had become of so important a character, that a regular market was established for the sale of manuscripts. 'The trade' was chiefly composed of emigrant Greeks, who had by that period acquired a character all over the civilised world for cunning and knavery. Hence we find Strabo bitterly complaining that most of the volumes at the Alexandrian market were 'copied only for sale,' in other words, hastily, and without revision or comparison with the originals. He also laments that the impertinence of the transcribers introduced matter which the author never penned. This scanty information is all which exists concerning the booksellers of the old world. When, however, literature forsook the east, and, travelling westward, set up a long rest in Rome, more ample details concerning their mode of doing business are at our disposal.

The first mention of Latin books, as forming regular articles of commerce, is made by several writers who existed during the time of the Roman emperors. It is to be inferred that, previous to that time, people of distinction borrowed works from their authors, and caused copies to be made either by professed scribes (*librarii*), or by their own slaves. Gradually, however, the demand for books made it worth while for certain individuals to devote time and capital to their purchase, and these tradesmen were designated, after their Greek brethren, *bibliopolæ*. Their shops were in public places: in, for instance, the well-frequented streets near the Forum, the Palladium, the Sigillarii, the Argiletum, and the Temple of Peace; but principally, according to Gellius, in the *Via Sandalinaria*. These shops being, as at Athens, much resorted to by men of letters, were the chief sources of literary information; they formed what modern newspapers call an 'excellent advertising medium'; announcements of new works were constantly exhibited not only outside the shops, but upon the pillars of the interior. Depots for the sale of manuscripts were also to be met with in the provincial towns. Amongst the Roman booksellers originated the practice of purchasing copyrights, and it has been clearly ascertained that several of the most celebrated Latin works were the exclusive property of certain bibliopolæ. The names of several of these booksellers have been handed down to posterity, chiefly on account of their excellent mode of doing business, and for the care which they took in insuring the correctness of the manuscript they sold; frequently going to the additional expense of employing the authors themselves to examine and compare the copies made from their works. The Tonsons, Longmans, Cadells, and Murrays of the times of Horace, Cicero, Martial, and Catullus (who mention them), were the 'speculative' Tryphon, the 'prudent' Atrectus, *Tul. Lucensis* 'the freed man,' the brothers Sosius, Q. P. Valerianus Dicini, and Ulpianus. We are informed by Galenus that less respectable book dealers took dishonest advantage of the fair fame of these magnates in the 'trade,' by forging the imprints of those celebrated publishers upon imperfect copies.

With the fall of the Roman empire the bookselling business not only declined, but was for a time swept away from the list of trades. Literature and science, ingulfed in the monastic system, were hidden in the cloister. The monks became the transcribers of books, and in this laborious occupation the learned Benedictines are known to have particularly excelled. The works produced by these religious men were almost exclusively missals, or books of devotion; copies of the Scriptures were also produced by them, though to a less extent. There was, however, at this period, a great difficulty in procuring material on which to write books, and the device, more ingenious than commendable, was resorted to of deterring the writing of old classics, and then using the cleaned parchment for the works required. This practice is understood to have caused the loss to the world of several classic authors. Occasionally, in old collections of manuscript books, a missal or copy of the Gospels is to be seen inscribed on vellum, on which shines faintly the not-altogether obliterated work of an ancient writer. We lately saw, in the Bibliothèque Royale, or great public library in Paris, a copy of the Gospels as old as the ninth century, which had thus been written on the cleaned pages of a classic author. Whether on new or old vellum a great number of books were copied and collected in England during the eighth century; the monks of that period having been exceedingly emulous of attaining skill in writing and illuminating; and at a later period, this was enumerated as one of the accomphishments even of so great a man as St. Dunstan. They abandoned the system of writing on scrolls, adopting the form in which books are now printed. Yet posterity had little benefit from these great assemblages of books: for, during the numerous invasions of the Danes from the ninth to the eleventh century, many of the richest libraries were committed to the flames, along with the monasteries which contained them. In the thirteenth century, books were from these destructions, extremely scarce, and the few that existed were exclusively in the hands of the monks; for they were almost the only persons who could read them. 'Great authors,' says D'Israeli, 'occasionally composed book in Latin, which none but other great authors cared for, and which the people could not read.' For these reasons, the small amount of bookselling which took place in the middle ages was solely conducted by monks; and works, being scarce, fetched prices which would astonish the modern bibliomania. It is well authenticated that the homilies of Bede, and St. Austin's psalter, were sold in 1174 by the monks of Dorchester (Oxfordshire) to Walter, prior of St. Swithin's (Winchester), for twelve measures of barley and a splendid pall, embroidered in silver with historical representations of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king. At a later period a copy of John of Meun's 'Romance of the Rose' was sold before the palace gate at Paris for 40 crowns, or £33 6s. 8d. A learned lady, the Countess of Anjou, gave for the homilies of Haimon, bishop of Halberstadt, the unheard-of exchange of two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Among these instances of the high prices sometimes set on unprinted books, we cannot exclude mention of an extraordinary work, which was executed in a singular manner. It consists of the finest vellum, the text cut out of, instead of inscribed on each leaf, and being interleaved with blue paper, it is as easi-

ly read as print. The title involves one of the paradoxes in which authors of that age so much delighted: it is 'Liber passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, cum figuris et characteribus nulla materia compositis'—(The book of our Lord Jesus Christ, with figures and characters composed of nothing). For this singular curiosity the Emperor Rodolph II. of Germany offered 11,000 ducats. As the book bears the royal arms of this country, it is thought to have been executed by some ingenious and patient English monk. We mention the work to account in some measure for the high prices adverted to, which Robertson, in his history of Charles V., adduces as a proof of the *scarcity* of manuscripts. The truth is, that some copies were intrinsically valuable for the beauty and richness of the binding; and a few others were rendered almost beyond price, from having the relics of saints inserted in them. At a visitation of the treasury of St. Paul's cathedral, in the year 1295, by Ralph de Baldock (afterwards bishop of London), there were found twelve copies of the Gospels, all adorned with silver, some with gilding, pearls and gems, and one with eleven relics, which were ingeniously let in to the plates of precious metal that surrounded each page.

We cannot find that bookselling awoke from its monastic torpor till the establishment of universities in various parts of the continent. But in 1259, sellers of manuscripts, chiefly on theological subjects, became so numerous in Paris, that special regulations were instituted regarding them. Pierre de Blois mentions that they were called *librarii* or *stationarii*. The former were brokers or agents for the sale and loan of manuscripts. By *stationarii* (so called from having stations in various parts of cities and at markets) were meant sellers and copiers of manuscripts, like their Roman prototypes. It appears that at the time the above laws were made, there were in Paris twenty-nine booksellers and bookbrokers, two of whom were females. The enormous prices they demanded for their books became a public scandal, and one object of the new law was to regulate their charges. *Tazatores Librorum*, or book-taxers, were employed to determine the price which every manuscript should be charged, that, on the one hand, the *stationarii* should have a reasonable profit, and that, on the other, the purchaser should not pay too dear. But the most profitable branch of the trade appears to have been lending books, which were generally so valuable, that for their *safe return security* was taken. When Louis XI borrowed the works of Rhases, the Arabian physician, he not only deposited, by way of pledge, a large quantity of plate, but was obliged to find a nobleman to join him as surety in a deed binding him under a great penalty to restore the book unharmed. Some books were so highly prized, that they were conveyed or pledged as security for loans, as estates are mortgaged.

From these facts it would appear that bookselling was in Paris—then the chief seat of learning—a profitable calling between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. They were not, however, the only members of the trade existing in Europe. Wherever universities were established, booksellers also resided, especially in Vienna, Palermo, Padua, and Salamanca. Gradually, 'the trade' spread itself over less learned places; and by the time printing was invented, both *librarii* and *stationarii* exercised their vocations in most of the larger European towns.

Such was the condition of the trade up to the year 1440, when it felt the effects of a revolution which shook far more important professions and institutions to their base. About the year 1430 it was whispered in Mayence that one John Guttenberg had invented a process by which he and an assistant could produce more copies in one day than two hundred and fifty of the most expert penmen. The learned were incredulous; but a few years afterwards their doubts were silenced by the appearance of a Bible in Latin—printed from metal types. This wonder was effected by a machine which has since done more for the advance of civilization than all the other expedients of ingenious man to save his labour, or to promote his welfare—THE PRESS.

A JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO JERUSALEM, By way of Athens, Egypt, and the Peninsula of Sinai, including a trip to the Valley of Fayoum: together with a translation of M. Linant de Bellefonds' 'Memoire sur le Lac Maris.' By Dawson Borrer, Esq. Madden & Co.

That this is the work of a young man, in a fact which, in our estimation, noways disparages its claims to favourable notice; on the contrary, the freshness and feeling to be consequently expected is rather a recommendation. There is, besides, a dash and an eloquence in Mr. Borrer's style, which is at least pleasant; that there is also mind to substantiate his remarks and descriptions becomes soon equally evident. We will join him at Athens:—

"Let him who wanders in the neighbourhood of Athens beware of the large and powerful race of dogs, with long coats and bushy tails, which infest her districts, and whenever opportunity occurs disperse in the most summary manner all those classical ruminations which naturally invade the breast of him who breathes Athenian atmosphere. Wandering one day upon the banks of Lissus, two of these fearful brutes came at us open-mouthed, following us with such pertinacity, that it was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to retreat unscathed to a commanding mass of rock, where, with our guns pointed at their heads, we shouted to their owner to call them off before we were driven to fire; an act we were rather wary of committing, as the penalty for shooting one of them obliges you to give the owner as much corn as will cover the dog when held up by the tail full stretch with its nose upon the ground; and a heavy penalty it is on account of the great size of these animals; yet may you kill them, it is said, with a sword without incurring this fine; for then close quarters and necessity are implied. Many buzzards circled above our heads during this skirmish, as if in full expectation of coming in for the jackal's share at last. Perhaps, however, they were more particularly gathered together to consult the entrails of a cow which was hanging up by the heels before an Athenian butcher a short distance off, the offal from which several of these loathsome birds were deeply consulting, and seemed to find the augury propitious. * * * It was at Athens that we first saw the common oriental vase water-pipes; the kind most used in the public cafés is the *goseh*, the bowl for which containing the water is formed of a coconut shell, with a short cane tube fixed into it, through which the smoke is drawn, instead of the long flexible tube which is attached to the glass water-pipe called the *sheesheh*. The tobacco smoked in these pipes is from Persia, and called *tumak*, and is coarse and very strong unless smoked through water, and even then before being put into the cup of the pipe for use, it is necessary to have it well washed and squeezed, until a quantity of black oil runs from it. The strong inhalation necessary to produce the vacuum above the water in the vase, rendered the smoking of this kind of pipe unpleasant to me; for you literally 'drink tobacco,' as the Turkish expression for smoking signifies; a great portion of the smoke passing into your lungs. Orientals, however, delight in this, and letting the vapour ramble about in their internals for a time, then recall it, but still loth to part with it, often obstinately keep the mouth closed, thus forcing it to

fly in beautiful jets from the nostrils. It is a pleasant thing to see the venerable Moslem perched on a gorgeous cushion, draw through a costly mouth-piece the luxurious whiff, and swallowing it, await the effect with a dignified gravity, for several moments; then, with a sigh, *sub imo pectore*, thus send it forth in spiral volumes from his nose."

Mr. Borrer's notions on oriental slavery are very different from those of Mr. Warburton, which we quoted some time back:—

"That the slaves, in Egypt, after purchase, are, generally speaking, humanely treated, and become perfectly happy in the families they are in, being often regarded as members rather than slaves, so that, weaned from old affections, they enjoy life to the full, is well confirmed by those who have had good opportunities of proving the truth of that statement. But how horrible their sufferings from the time they were seized by the brutal slave-hunters until they arrive at their ultimate destinations! An order is given for a grand slave hunt; the unfortunate negroes, blockaded in their mountain villages by the Pasha's troops, deprived of access to the springs of water, and of all means of adding to their miserable stores of food, often kill themselves, their wives, and children rather than surrender to the coward monsters who are lying in wait for them. Or in some cases, where the village, from its position or otherwise, may not be capable of offering any defence, the inhabitants fly to the caves in the mountains; but the merciless invaders of their homes are too well acquainted with such places of refuge, and, scouring the mountains, light fires of suffocating combustibles at the mouths of every hollow that can possibly afford shelter, thus driving those to come forth who are not desperate enough to prefer death to captivity. The *razzia* at last over, the troops collect their captives into a body, and, fettering them with galling straps and huge weights to prevent their running away, drive them on with blows of musket-butts and scourges, or tying them, dying with fatigue, to camels, drag them, until again they have arrived at the station from whence they started for the hunt. Then the wretched negroes that have survived the fatigues and cruelties of the march are drafted off, some into the regiments as recruits, some to the soldiers as slaves by way of pay, whilst others, especially the youngest and best looking, are delivered up to the merchants, who convey them to Cairo, Constantinople, or wherever the regular mart may be. If half of those seized survive the atrocities of the *razzia* and the march, it is considered an excellent speculation; but often a far greater number fall victims, before their ruthless captors, or the as ruthless merchants, can make money of him. As to the *Gellahs*, or slave merchants, their brutal ill-usage of the boys and girls during the time they are bringing them down the Nile often causes them heavy losses; many of the children jumping overboard and drowning; moreover, numbers of the males being mutilated for guardians for the Moslem harems, do not survive the operation, which is performed in the most barbarous manner. I was indeed informed on good authority, whilst at Cairo, that on an average, of a thousand scarcely four hundred survive. They are accordingly sold at great prices."

The bearings of this on the "greatest happiness principle" are obvious. Our author's journey from Suez to Sinai is well described. With his usual good sense, he remarks that tradition has flown from mountain to mountain, from peak to peak, dubious which is truly the 'Mount of God'; and, in fact, *Jebel Serbal*, *Jebel Catharine*, and *Jebel Mūsa*, have each, at different times, been held as the identical Sinai of the Mosaic record; doctors, accordingly, are found to differ in their decisions: enough, that Sinai is the name generally admitted to have been applied to the whole range, including *Horeb* and other peaks. The following story is amusing:—

"One of the members of the convent, whom we had christened 'Peter,' generally had his meals with us, and both his appearance and his appetite betokened that it was a happy time for him. He was a Greek, an Athenian schoolmaster once upon a time; but his brain having become weakened, it appeared that his friends had wisely sent him to this remote convent as a lunatic asylum. Often this strange being amused us much with relations of his chequered life; not the least curious incident of which was a journey he professed to have made to the planet Saturn, where the scenery and inhabitants seem to have afforded him exquisite satisfaction, but more particularly the courtesy of some fair spirits he there met, and the wonders of a *city* marvellous in magnitude and beauty, the luxuries and delights of which had evidently captivated Peter's heart. The solidity of the matter composing the ring of the planet he well attested, thus setting at rest any necessity for further disputation on that point in the Galileo world. Peter was a slight well-formed figure, having a good Grecian physiognomy, excepting as to the forehead, which was low, and over-hanging clear grey eyes, fraught with the restlessness of insanity: his abilities evidently were naturally good; Italian, French, Greek, and Arabic he was equally master of, and, moreover, had a slight knowledge of English. But we found him at last rather too encroaching to be agreeable; a disposition which he impressed upon us by getting one day into a grievous rage, upon finding one of us occupying his accustomed seat at our hospitable board; neither was he a great respecter of the property of others, making a confession of 'meum' and 'tuum'; indeed, before we bade him adieu, stealing keepsake of no less value than a compass and a thermometer, and upon our making search for it, he expostulated with us for showing so great an anxiety concerning it; 'for,' said he, 'I shall doubtless find it when you are gone, and will keep it for you till you are this way again.' He did find it after our departure, as he predicted; for some English travellers afterwards saw it in his possession, and, recognizing it as Dr. Stevenson's, even offered him money for it, that they might deliver it to its rightful proprietor; but Peter's conscience would not allow him to part with it at any price, saying, 'The Doctor will doubtless call for it some day.'"

Our author's pleasure in visiting Jerusalem, seems to have been considerably spoiled by his doubt of the "monkish traditions," which prevented his satisfactorily identifying any spot with the facts of the sacred narrative. Some patches of description, however, are graphic, and his account of "the oak of Mamre" is interesting:—

"Descending again into the town, we mounted our horses towards the afternoon to pay a visit to a noble tree, beneath the shade of which, tradition says, Abraham ministered to the angels of the Lord. * * * It is a venerable tree indeed! its wide-spreading branches covering an enormous space of rich refreshing turf. Josephus, speaking of the Patriarch, says, 'Now Abraham dwelt near the oak called Ogyges; the place belongs to Canaan, not far from the city of Hebron,' &c.; and again, 'Abram, as he sat by the oak at Mamre,' &c.; also, after relating the descent of Simon of Gerasa upon Hebron, and speaking of the great antiquity of the city, he relates,—"There is also there shown, at the distance of six furlongs from the city, a very large turpentine tree, and the report goes that this tree has continued ever since the creation of the world." It is not impossible that this may be that same tree so mentioned by that ancient Jewish historian, though it can hardly be called a turpentine (or balsam) tree, being prickly oak; neither are there, as far as we observed,

at the present day any other sort of trees around Hebron that would produce turpentine, or balsam. This species of oak being very slow in growing, the bulk of this individual tree announces its extreme age, the trunk being above twenty feet in girth. From the specimens I brought away, it proves to be of that species of oak known as the *Quercus gramuntia*, or 'Holly leaved Grammont oak,' the acorns of which are edible; and the ancients believed that by them the tunny fish, in their passage from the ocean to the Mediterranean, were fattened, in those days when the shores of Andalusia were clothed with dark forests of this noble tree * * * After taking a slight sketch of this revered tree, and having observed, to our sorrow, that time was working its destruction, (for a hole in the trunk betrayed its hollowness,) we caught our steeds, and vaulting into the saddle, spurred off across a piece of tilled land, with our faces turned towards the town again.

"Hardly, however, had we gone a hundred yards from the spot, when a shout attracted our attention, and, looking back, we beheld a group of horsemen, evidently Franks, drawing near the ancient oak from the opposite direction, and, in another moment, hailed our lost friends, who, upon inquiry, proved not to have spent the past night, as we had done, upon luxurious divans, neither had they caroused o'er chicken pilau their Cyprian wine. Far from it! their couch had been the hard stone bed of the brook in the valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath of Gath, and their only sustenance the evening and the morning dew. It appeared that, after waiting some time in Jerusalem, where we should have met, they proceeded, not as we had by some mistake been led to suppose they intended, towards Hebron, but upon the road to *Beit Jibrin*, to the north-west of Hebron; and towards night, having wandered from their track, and entered a village to procure shelter or assistance, they obtained abuse and insult, couched in such terms that turning their horses' heads, they galloped out again far faster than they had entered, and, turning out of the track to elude pursuit, reached the above valley. There, in momentary fear of being attacked by the natives, they dared not pitch their tents, but, lying down in the bed of the brook, took turns in sleeping and in watching till the daylight broke again; when, stiff and half frozen, they stealthily moved off, and after divers adventures, (of which I now forget the particulars, they not having been impressed upon my memory by partaking of them,) they arrived where we now met. If they had been attacked, as they had every reason to expect might be the case, the Philistines would have suffered but little loss for their temerity it was supposed; for, though our friends had one or two guns and several pistols, they were by some means without ammunition, having only one loaded pistol, and the tent-poles for spears, to greet the enemy with. They hid, therefore, their money beneath the stones of the brook, least being vanquished and robbed the spoil should be great; whereas, thus concealed, it might have been afterwards regained by them."

Take another adventure, exceedingly curious:

"Hardly was our repast concluded, when the door of our apartment hastily burst open, and in rushed, streaming with blood, a servant of one of the party, who, after much howling, pointed to his face with deep sighs and groans, then howled and roared again at the sight of his own blood. Somewhat subduing his violent passion he related, that passing from the main street into the passage leading to our quarters, he found there a crowd, from which a Syrian darting forth accused him of being one of the party engaged in the Dhoheriyan affair, demanding, at the same time, a further payment for the camels they had supplied to that party (an extortion which, as I have before stated, our Consul advised us not to give way to). Not having been one of the party, and being, therefore, perfectly ignorant of the circumstances, the man struggled to escape from the fellow's grasp, who then made a stab at him with his sabre knife, which he, warding it from his breast, received on his cheek, and breaking away from his assailant fled to our room. * * * Taking our arms we sallied forth. Jews and Jewesses crowded the narrow streets of the quarter, many of the latter very fair and of sweet expression, but their faces now betokening deep anxiety. * * * Demanding the way to the Governor's house, onward we marched in good order through the town, which now was in a state of great excitement and commotion—fierce expressions and ejaculations ever and anon reaching our ears from the surrounding multitude. That of 'Down with the Djaours; there is no Ibrahim Pasha over us now!' (or words to that effect) being the most prevalent. The latter remark evidently referring to the summary vengeance the Egyptian ruler was wont to inflict in case of travellers being molested by those beneath his sway. Arrived at the palace, a wondrous mean one, and passing a dirty court, we were ushered into a very small room where we found his honour, a man of noble stature and superior countenance. Rising, he invited us to the divan, and stopping up, we sat cross-legged upon the carpet, and cried for justice—demanding the body of the criminal alive or dead. Sherbet was now brought in to sooth our feelings and allay our wrath; and was handed round in neatly cut glass bowls. We each took some but it proved of very inferior composition, and had not at all the desired effect; so the Governor rose and departed, under the plea of seeking the offender, finding neither his sherbet nor his arguments sufficiently persuasive to quiet us. The proceedings on our side were carried on by the Rev. Mr. Williams and Mr. Witts, the only two of the party who could speak a word of Arabic, excepting little Syrian boy these gentlemen had with them, who proved an excellent interpreter, though dealing much in hyperbole, clothing both questions and answers in such flowery and figurative garments, and accompanying his Oriental eloquence with such impassioned action, that in spite of our situation we were highly amused. The rest of us were mere spectators, which I for my part enjoyed amazingly, sipping my sherbet undisturbed, except when now and then called upon to put on an aspect of awful determination. After sherbet came coffee; and there we sat in deep consultation within this privy chamber of the Royal Palace for a considerable time, until at last it flashed upon our minds, that perhaps the Governor had played us a trick, and had vacated the seat of judgment until our departure. We therefore sent messengers to find him, and at last received an express that his Highness could not succeed in discovering our intended victim, and would be very much obliged to us to move off. We considered this as a subterfuge and insult, and therefore determined to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in his privy chamber until satisfaction was rendered us. The hours were rapidly flying on; a mysterious silence pervaded the crowd without, and no Governor appeared. Anxious to proceed upon our journey, our patience began to flag, and our suspicions to increase that something unpleasant was hatching for us; when suddenly a sound was heard approaching—a great bustle in the outer court. Grasping our arms, we started on our feet, deeming the climax at hand, when to our utter amazement, thirteen aged Israelites, with long white beards and flowing robes, Chief Rabbi of the Synagogue of Hebron, shuffled into the room, and, scrambling up to the divan, seized and hugged us in their arms, kissed our hands, our feet, and the lowest hem of our garments, put their fingers to their eyes, (by which we were to infer that we were as dear to them as the apple of the

eye.) and bowed to the ground with a motion as of throwing dust upon their heads. Then, rending their garments, they took up a lamentation and bitter wailing, accompanied with most urgent prayers, beseeching us to relent from our purpose, and leave the city, out of compassion to them; for otherwise when we were gone, the Moslems would wreak their rage on them because we were lodging in their quarter. The sudden and affectionate descent of these venerable old gentlemen upon us for a time stupefied us. For my own part, I was so out of breath with struggling in the embraces of an ancient patriarch, who had run me into a corner, that, when escaped from the tempest of his affection, well nigh smothered and gasping thanksgivings for ultimate deliverance, I sat me down again upon the carpet, and seizing a cup half full of sherbet quaffed deeply, leaving the rest of the party to make the best of it they could. Quiet somewhat succeeding this extraordinary scene, we assured our venerable assailants that our regret would be very great if we should risk bringing evil on their heads, but, the present case being one which concerned not only ourselves but all future travellers in those regions, it was but a necessary act of justice and precaution to protect our servants; we could not, therefore, forego our intention of punishing the criminal if possible. They said no more, but groaning in the bitterness of their hearts, rose and went their ways. Two most striking personages were now ushered in, men of majestic aspect, whose long white beards, and tottering gait, betokened a venerable age, as did their costly robes the high authority they held within the city. One was perfectly blind, and felt his way with a staff that he carried in his hand. Rising, wonderfully impressed with the dignity of their appearance, we moved forward, and, assisting them to mount the platform of the divan, seated ourselves beside them upon the cushions. They then announced themselves as the Mufti and Cadi of the great city of El-Khulil, begged us not to persist in our dangerous demand, but to proceed upon our way in peace. 'The man,' said they, 'who stabbed your servant, is a madman, he knew not what he did. Oh, by the love of Abraham, depart in peace! Be merciful! be merciful in remembrance of that patriarch and prophet, whom we alike revere!' 'Twas of no avail, neither Abraham nor eloquence would move us. Silence and looks of despair ensued. A crowd approached; the tall figure of the Governor was there, and with him his 'posse comitatus,' encircling, to our astonishment the offender. Mr. Williams had seen the present Governor of Hebron at Jerusalem, and had received and broken bread with him in that city; and, the culprit proving to be the Governor's own brother! he, addressing Mr. Williams, adjured him, 'by the sacred rights of hospitality,' by the bread they had broken together, to pursue the case no farther. A ray of hope lighted up for a moment the face of the culprit, which before was distorted with such a remarkable expression of fear as I never before beheld depicted upon the face of man. Stepping forward he kissed the blood upon the cheek of his wounded victim. A scene ensued. A generous-hearted Moslem rushing forward bowed down his head to the earth, crying at the same time, 'Oh! may I suffer his punishment! may I suffer in his stead!' The Governor, drawing Mr. Williams aside, now offered him a most tempting and extraordinary bribe: viz., to introduce us, sub rosa, to the interior of the tomb of the patriarchs, that we might touch the very sepulchre of Abraham; might tread the very caves of Machpelah, the precincts of which the foot of a professed Christian has never trod. This tempting offer was most stoically refused: most stoically, I say, for surely the itching humour of man to taste forbidden fruit was here sorely tried. Indeed it was a kind of 'porta patent,' so tempting that, had I been alone, I am not sure that I should thus be enabled not to act the trumpeter of stoicism. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, I might at this time regret the offer, instead of rejoicing at it, as I now do, as having given us an opportunity of impressing upon the chief barbarian, by refusal of so tempting a bait, an Englishman's sense of justice. To cut a long matter short, we, acting in capacity of both judge and jury, called witnesses, (one of whom, to our astonishment, stepped forward voluntarily from the crowd of Moslems, having, it is to be presumed, an old grudge against the prisoner,) and pronounced the man guilty. We had fully expected to behold the iniquitous physiognomy of the sheikh of Dhoheriyeh when the culprit was produced; but it proved that that sheikh had bribed this man to execute his vengeance upon our party. The Governor offered to inflict bastinado; but we deemed it better to forward a full statement of the case to our Consul at Jerusalem, and, rising, left the Governor in very great dudgeon; for, as he said, he had rather half kill his brother than provoke the anger of the Pasha of Jerusalem. Kissing himself to the full height of his noble stature as we drew off, waving his hand on high, and fixing his dark eyes, flashing with fire, upon our Arab sheikh, the leader of our escort, he thundered forth, 'Beware, lest thy foot ever again press the soil of my territory!' Thus terminated, as far as we were concerned, this curious adventure, the details of which I have compressed as much as I could consistently with any hope of bringing the scene at all before the eyes of those who were not present.'

THE DUKE AND MRS. MAJOR-GENERAL.

Mrs. Major —, or Mrs. Major General —, we know not which, took into her head that she ought to see the Duke of Wellington on some matter that interested her. She made a morning call at Apsley-house, and was informed that his Grace was rustinating at Strathfieldsaye. Forthwith, 'four barbed steeds from the Bull's Head,' as George Colman has it, were appended to her travelling carriage, and at the close of the summer's afternoon saw her at the end of the long avenue of trees (the finest, by the by, in England) and at the very vestibule of Strathfieldsaye.

'I wish to see the Duke. Take up my card. I am Mrs. Major General —.' 'I have no orders, madam,' said the porter, 'and the Duke sees no one who has not previously written to him.' 'Oh, nonsense!' replied the lady, descending from her carriage, and, with a stately bearing and the cool nonchalant impudence of fashion, she fairly *pooh poohed* the porter, and, passing him, entered the mansion.

She had crossed the noble hall, and was advancing up the grand staircase, when a page (a staid man, called a page at Strathfieldsaye on the same principle veteran jockeys of seventy years are called post boys) placed himself before her, with the question, 'May I take the liberty, madam, of asking whom you want to see?' 'Oh, I want to see the Duke: *I must see* the Duke, I have very particular business with his Grace. My name is Mrs. —, the lady of Major General —. Take in my card: the Duke will see me instantly.'

'You must excuse me, madam,' was the polite reply, 'but my instructions are imperative. I must request you to retire and write to his Grace.'

'Oh, dear, no: certainly not. I shall go on, now I am here I am determined to find my way to his Grace.'

'Then, madam, I shall be compelled to obstruct your passage.'

Much more such conversation ensued. In vain did the lady remonstrate and indignantly exclaim at the impossibility of a page turning Mrs. Major General —, out of the house, but she went, and if the report says true, the page was obliged to take her gently by the shoulders and guide her to the hall-door.

The next morning's post brought a blazing letter from the Major General —, and a flaming one from Mrs. Major General — stating the atrocious conduct of the page, and recommending his punishment to his Grace's consideration. A military execution, with the Dead March in Saul by the band of the Horse Guards, (Blue,) and a volley over his grave, was the only thought of the lady. The Major General, who had witnessed the doings of his Grace's provost marshal, on the march from Toulouse to Paris, and who knew the iron sternness of the Duke's mind, looked forward to something like a page hanging on the elms of Strathfieldsaye after the feudal fashion.

No sooner had his Grace received the letters than the delinquent page was summoned to the presence of Napoleon's conqueror. His heart sunk within him as he entered the room. There was an unspeakable calmness in the Duke's eye which marked a decisive step, and that speedily.

'So G —, you refused admittance to Mrs. Major General —, though she announced herself by name?'

'With a half hesitation the page answered, "I must acknowledge that I did your Grace, but—"

'Nay no more than that. When Mrs. Major General — refused to depart from *my* house at *your* bidding, your positively took Mrs. Major General — by the shoulders, (as I learn in a letter from Major General —,) and you actually conveyed—I will not say forced—Mrs. Major General — out of the door. Answer me, sir, did you do this?'

'I must acknowledge, your Grace, that I did so.'

'And a good thing for you that you did, for if you had not turned her out, I should have turned you out,' was his Grace's conclusive reply.

SOCIETY AT BUENOS AYRES.

* * * To enable you to form a better idea of the existing state of affairs, it will be necessary to go back as far as 1810, when the Buenos Ayreans declared their independence. From that time to 1820 they amused themselves by electing and deposing governors: there were no fewer than four appointed in February of that year; and in the remaining ten months eight more were chosen and deposed, while they vainly endeavoured to form some shape out of the chaos they had themselves created. But what with the intriguing and want of good faith among them, all they planned fell to the ground, or 'dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision.' Manuel Dorrego, whose fate forms a principal feature in, or cause for the last sixteen years' revolutions, was one of the most active in keeping alive this unsettled state of things. From 1820 to 1826 they had been attempting to form a federal government; but it wanted what chemists call the attraction of coherency, or uniting bodies of different natures; and as there evidently was little hopes of effecting this combination, Rivadavia, who was appointed president, tried to frame a constitution on a more solid principle—but in vain; and finding his opponents were deeper and dirtier politicians than even himself, he wisely resigned, and was succeeded by Manuel Dorrego; for Rosas preferred working *sub rosa*, making a tool of Dorrego, who was an ambitious man; treacherous and intriguing; plausible and condescending when he wanted to gain a point or a partisan, but tyrannical and overbearing in all other cases. To this may be attributed, in a great measure, the revolution of Lavalle in 1828; as you will see by the following anecdote, on the truth and correctness of which you may depend.

Lavalle was commander-in-chief of the troops employed in the Banda Oriental at the time they were at war with Brazil; and actually did wonders, defeating the enemy in several engagements with a mere handful of troops. But the necessities of this little band of brave men were not attended to, and their wants became urgent; for, like Falstaff's regiment, they had but a shirt and a half to a company, and those stolen from some black Desdemona. Lavalle's repeated applications for money and clothing for his troops were disregarded, till he could bear it no longer, and came over to Buenos Ayres himself to request the government would provide for the wants of his soldiers. Dorrego, instead of using the *suaviter in modo*, chose the *fortiter in re*, and ordered him to return to his duty; the government would send the supplies they thought necessary when it suited their convenience! Such an uncouth and insulting answer to an officer who deserved well of his country, stung him to the quick; but he obeyed the order, inasmuch as he embarked directly, swearing vengeance on the malauto who had insulted him!

In about ten days after, he (Lavalle) made his appearance at Buenos Ayres at the head of (600) as fine soldiers (dark and devilish) as ever supported an adored and provoked commander: they took possession of the Plana, and such points as were necessary to command the city; while Dorrego sneaked off to consult his brother in intrigue, Rosas. In a few days Lavalle followed him; they met near a town called Navarinor, a few leagues from Buenos Ayres; a battle ensued, in which Dorrego and Rosas were defeated and fled. The discomfited chiefs consulted what was to be done, and Rosas recommended Dorrego to summon Colonel Acha, who had the command of some dragoon regiments, while he endeavoured to collect the stragglers. Acha, instead of obeying his governor, made him prisoner, and delivered him to Lavalle; while Rosas, privately suspecting what would happen, instead of collecting troops, made the best of his way to Santa Fe, and escaped; and when they went in search of him, the bird was flown. Brought up with Indians and Jesuits, he knew how to deceive those he pretended most to trust. Lavalle, in the mean time, called a council of war respecting Dorrego: a number of charges were brought against him, such as betraying the interests of his country to enrich himself and friends, inducing Indians (the enemies of the country) to fight against them, &c. These accusations were sent to the fort, where a military commission was held, in which, I am sorry to say, Admiral Brown (as governor *pro tempore*) was president. Sentence of death was adjudged, and Dorrego was accordingly shot: but it was no sooner done than a feeling arose that alarmed the commission who had authorised it. Lavalle, with that romantic bravery which characterised him, issued a bulletin, taking the whole of the odium on himself, by saying, 'by my order Colonel Dorrego was shot this morning at the head of the troops,' &c. It is (or rather would be) difficult to illustrate the character of Lavalle, had not accident made me acquainted with him, by which I had an opportunity of seeing his real character.

As a soldier he was brave to a fault, and well adapted for any enterprise where courage and fighting were the essential points; but imprudent and impetuous, more governed by passion and impulse of the moment, than by reason or reflection; generous and high-minded, but wrong-headed, and reckless of consequences,—he seemed to me as near the character of Hotspur as could

be conceived. The fate of this unfortunate family reminds one of the tragedy of Macbeth—for fathers, mother, brothers, sisters, amounting to eleven persons, were on a sudden swept off; but the exact cause of their death remains in doubt—some say by the scarlet fever, and some say by the assistance of medicine; but be that how it may, they disappeared suddenly and strangely; though the fate of Lavalle himself is not clouded by any doubts—the facts are well known and officially attested! It appears that Rosas had in his pay a certain person among Lavalle's troops to give information of any chance that might occur, where he (Lavalle) might be surprised and assassinated. In one of his marches he imprudently took up his quarters in a rancho with his secretary, more than half a mile from his troops; notice was conveyed to the parties set to watch, and consequently, very early, before sunrise, they proceeded stealthily towards the spot. The secretary observing some men evidently trying to advance unseen, gave notice to Lavalle, but too late—he had only time to close the door: the party fired through it, and wounded him mortally. His troops (Lavalle's) were now in motion (and the murderers had to decamp without knowing the result), but when the former arrived their general was no more, a ball having passed through his chest. Thus ended the life of as brave a man as ever fought for the liberty of South America, in which he distinguished himself preeminently. His family, as I have shewn, were already disposed of; but it still remained to crown these unhallowed acts—to reward the murderers of Lavalle. Were I to relate it, I fear you might think it was overcharged, or that I had some prejudiced feeling to gratify; therefore I enclose you a translation of the decree, now before me in the *Gaceta Mercantil*; dated Tuesday, 28 of March, 1843, in answer to a solicitation of the murderer to Rosas, stating his services!

"In consequence of the high and important service rendered to the Federation by Jose Bracho, soldier of the regiment of the Escort of Liberty, we declare him a hero well deserving of his country, and worthy of the highest and most favoured distinction of all the federals; a lieutenant of cavalry, with the monthly pay of 300 dollars, creditor for 3 square leagues of land, 600 head of horned cattle, and 1000 sheep. This original decree to be given him for his satisfaction, sending eight copies to the necessary authorities, that he may enjoy the rank and pay of lieutenant: from the day he killed the savage Unitarian Lavalle—by a special favour of divine Providence clearly visible in favour of this country! A certificate to be given him from the same date for the 3 square leagues of land, a second for the cattle, a third for his carbine, to be placed in the museum as a national trophy. Furthermore, that a full-dress uniform, as lieutenant of cavalry, be presented him by the principal aid-de-camp (Don Antonio Ruges), with a silver medal and 2000 dollars.

(Signed) Rosas.

It is thus murder is rewarded in this country; and of late we have had some dreadful instances of the effect of this new moral code, designating such an act as a special favour of divine Providence, and rewarding the perpetrators as heroes! Some have been inveigled out of their houses under false pretences; others have been taken by force from the midst of their families, and their throats cut almost within their hearing. One unfortunate man was actually carried out of his own shop, a public store in the centre of the town, at eight in the evening, stabbed and mutilated, and while yet alive put into a pitch-barrel, before his own door, and burnt to death! And for what?—to support the sacred cause of federation. These are the acts of the illustrious restorer of the laws, Don Manuel Rosas and his worthy supporters! And yet, in defiance of such dreadful atrocities, there are persons sufficiently degraded for filthy lucre, not only to defend them, but hold him up as the most generous, humane, and noble-minded man in South America.

WHITE'S THREE YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

While merely turning over Mr White's pages, a story catches the eye, too whimsically illustrative to be overlooked.

"The subject of diplomatic expenditure at the Porte recalls a story narrated of a Mingrelian envoy, who came to Constantinople about the year 1747, during the reign of Mahmood I, Sir James Porter being then British ambassador. This Mingrelian prince arrived with a suite of two hundred followers, all gallantly equipped. As customary with missions from Eastern sovereigns, they were all lodged and fed at the Sultan's expense. Matters went on smoothly during some time. The Mingrelians, well supplied with rice, oil, bread, sheep, and other necessaries, led a joyous life. But the negotiation languished, their supplies fell short, and were at last withheld. This, however, is a misfortune common to eastern eluchs, even in our days, as exemplified in the case of Mirza Jaffir Khan, Persian envoy to the Sultan in 1842. Not having received remittances from his court during many months, nay years, and the Porte having neglected to send him either money or supplies, the worthy Persian diplomatist was reduced to exceeding short commons, and would have been compelled to pawn his diamond-set portrait of the Shah, as he had done his shawls and horses, had not the Reis Effendi, at the suggestion of a foreign envoy, induced the vizir to permit some few thousand piastres to be sent to his assistance. The Mingrelian was less fortunate, so that he was brought to deplorable straits for want of food and raiment. Being, however, a man of expedient, he bethought himself of a somewhat novel mode of procuring funds. He, therefore, marshalled his followers, and, fixing upon a certain number, sent them to the slave-market, where, being fine youths, though somewhat meagre, they were quickly sold, and he lived merrily on the proceeds. Some weeks subsequent to the adoption of this singular financial expedient, Sir J. Porter, having occasion to transact business with the Mingrelian, proceeded to the abode of the latter at Constantinople. Preliminaries being settled to mutual satisfaction, the former rose to depart, saying, with becoming dignity, 'With your highness's permission, we will leave the rest of the affair to be concluded by our secretaries.' 'Charming! charming!' exclaimed the Mingrelian; 'but there exists one slight impediment to my complying with your magnificence's desire' 'I impeded!' echoed Sir James, somewhat startled, 'why all preliminaries are concluded?' 'Undoubtedly,' rejoined the other; 'but to tell your grandeur the truth, I have been so excessively hard pressed for ready cash within the last week, that, after disposing of all my retinue, I was compelled last night to sell my secretary!'"

It is curious how a collection of exact information such as the work under notice tends to enlarge the ideas. Which of us, for instance, has not been apt to regard the Turk, in imagination, as solemnly enjoying his pipe, "without fear or favour"? In the following anecdote, the zest of a forbidden pleasure is added to his enjoyment:—

"The risk of fire arising from several hundred thousand lighted pipes or pieces of charcoal and tinder, burning in every direction throughout a wood built city is sufficient to justify the attempts made by divers sultans to abolish

smoking. But no sovereign waged war upon pipes and their attendant coffee more inveterately than Murad IV. He hunted down smokers, coffee-drinkers, and opium eaters, with relentless severity. If delinquents, high or low, were caught in the act of smoking, their heads inevitably paid the forfeit. Murad often went forth tebdil (disguised), on purpose to watch if the police did its duty, or to see if he could fall in with individuals bold enough to infringe his edicts. On one of these occasions he is said to have met with an adventurer, calculated to diminish his passion for the experiments. Having disguised himself as a simple citizen, he passed over to Scutari in a common kayak, and prowled around the caravansaries, where strangers arrive from the interior. Not having discovered a single defaulter, he took his place, to return, in one of the large passage-boats, by the side of a sipahy, who had come from Kutaya to claim arrears of pay. In the course of the passage the trooper produced a short pipe, lit it and commenced smoking. Upon seeing this, Murad could scarcely contain his anger; but as the man was in his power, he resolved to amuse himself at his expense, so he leaned aside, and said to him in a whisper, 'By the Prophet's head, yoldash (comrade) you must be a bold man! Have you not heard of the Sultan's edicts? Look, we are within sight of the palace. Take care of your head!' 'If the Sultan neglects to pay his soldiers, or to furnish them with more substantial food, they must needs sustain themselves by other means,' replied the sipahy; 'the Prophet has said that starvation by other hands is homicide; by one's own suicide, which is worse than homicide. My tobacco is good—it is raya tribute. Basmillah! it is at your service.' Upon this, Murad, pretending to look around, as if in fear of being detected, drew his pelisse over his face, took the pipe, and smoked away lustily; then, returning the forbidden luxury to the soldier, he exclaimed, 'Kardash! (brother) you seem to be a most liberal man! It is a pity you are not more discreet. To speak truth, however, I also am fond of my pipe, and laugh at the Padishah's beard in private. But heads are heads after all, and do not sprout like young figs. So take my advice, and be cautious when you reach the city.' 'Man can die but once, and each has his appointed day,' retorted the sipahy. 'I may as well die, my mouth filled with smoke, as with an empty stomach. It is well for him who wants neither bread nor salt to deprive others of this substitute for food; but the day will come, when, Inshallah, he will broil for it.' 'Allah, Allah! this is a most incorrigible rebel and blasphemer. He shall be impaled with his own pipe-stick!' ejaculated the Sultan aside; then, he added in a half-whisper, 'Speak lower—speak lower, Effendimiz (our Lord) has long ears.' 'And so have all the asses in Stambol,' retorted the sturdy trooper; 'but his braying may not keep him from following the road taken by Sultan Osman.' The boat now touched the shore, and it was nearly dark. The sipahy jumped on land, closely followed by Murad, who, when they had advanced a few paces, stopped the soldier, saying, 'Your looks please me, and your language proves you to be a brave man. You are a stranger. I will find you lodging. Come; I and my friends care not the husk of an almond for the Sultan: we will enjoy our pipes.' The trooper looked round for a moment, and, seeing no one near, answered thus—'Hark ye, friend! I do not like your looks. I have heard of this Sultan's pranks. He shoots men with arrows as others shoot dogs. There is honey in your speech, but gall in your eye. You are either a spy, or the Sultan himself. If the first, you merit a rope; if the other worse than a rope. None but rascals would lure starving men to death. But whether spy or Padishah, you shall have your deserts.' Whereupon he took forth his short mace, and administered a most severe cudgelling to the despot. Then, bounding away with the speed of a gazelle, he disappeared among the narrow streets, leaving Murad foaming with rage, and with half-broken bones. Having rejoined his attendants who were waiting at an appointed spot, the Sultan concealed his adventure and retired, bruised and infuriated, to the Seraglio. There he forthwith issued orders for beheading the chief of the police at Tophana, and for bastinading all his tchaoshs for not being upon the watch. Next morning he sent for the vizir, and, without disclosing what had happened, commanded him to issue a proclamation, offering ten purses of gold and free pardon to a sipahy, who, on the previous night, had beaten a citizen near the landing-place of Tophana, provided that he would present himself forthwith to the Bostanjy Bashy. But the sipahy, recollecting that heads did not sprout like green figs, never made his appearance, and Murad thenceforth took care not to stir out, unless closely followed by his bash tebdil and other disguised and confidential guards.

The above reads almost like a lost leaf from the adventures of Haroun el Raschid.

BETHLEHEM INSANE ASYLUM.

General Report of the Royal Hospital of Bethlehem for the year ending the 31st of December, 1844. Printed for the use of the Governors.

This being the first detailed Report emanating from the committee appointed by the Governors, we shall lay before our readers a brief analysis of its most important features. It is necessary to premise that from the peculiar character of cases received in this hospital, it is deemed inexpedient, rather than impracticable, to adopt the principle of dispensing wholly with restraint under all circumstances; yet every opportunity is taken of confining it within the narrowest limits. Personal restraint has been reduced to one-tenth of what it was six years ago; and to one-half during the past year of what it was in 1843. Thus, although coercion is not entirely dispensed with, it will be seen that the number of patients under restraint is so small that this great public hospital may be regarded as one where the experiment of freedom, first introduced in this country on a large scale at Hanwell a few years ago, is given a fair trial.

The number of curable patients admitted during 1844 was, 118 males and 163 females, making a total of 281, and exceeding by 2 the number admitted in 1843. The number discharged cured was 128, consisting of 58 males and 70 females. In 1843 the deaths amounted to 25, in 1844 to 28, the latter however include 1 suicide, and 1 death from small-pox. The comparative smallness of the number cured in 1844 appears to be satisfactorily accounted for by the fact that the number of curable females admitted during the last four months of 1844 exceeded those admitted during the same months in 1843 by nearly 50 per cent., and thus the cures which may be fairly anticipated in many of these cases will range in the lists of next year. The lunatics which entered the hospital in 1844 were more severely afflicted than those received in 1843, and the disease of longer standing, so that taking these circumstances into consideration, the returns afford evidence of the salutary effects produced by soothing treatment.

The Report adverters to the amount of suffering which lunatics generally undergo from those with whom they happen to reside previous to being taken to an asylum, from erroneous notions of the necessity of personal coercion. Instances are constantly occurring of patients being brought for ad-

mission "in tight strait waistcoats, and some bound with cords in so severe a manner that their wrists, arms, and legs were bruised and excoriated, but who having been immediately released on admission to the hospital, ultimately recovered, without being ever again subjected to bodily restraint." One case is so illustrative of this evil that we cannot resist quoting it:—

"A male patient was brought for admission in a very violent and excited state, having, in addition to a strait waistcoat, his arms bound with cords, his wrists secured by a belt, and his legs confined with strong webbing. In extenuation of such severe treatment, his relative who accompanied him assured the steward that this treatment was absolutely necessary, 'as he was very difficult to manage, and that it had even required as many as six men to place him under coercion.' The first thing done on admission was to release the patient from all restraint, and although, as might be expected, he remained for some days in a highly excited state, so as to require the constant watching of one, and sometimes two attendants, no personal coercion was afterwards used during the whole time he remained under treatment. In a few days symptoms of an inflammatory affection of the chest appeared, from the effects of which, combined with great cerebral excitement, he died in a fortnight after admission. A post-mortem examination of the body proved that the breast bone and one rib were fractured; the interior of the chest was also found much affected, in consequence of the irritation which the broken bones produced on the lining membrane, and it can hardly be doubted that these severe injuries occurred in the struggle which took place when so much restraint was imposed."

The occupation of the patients is of so extended and varied a character that all the iron-work, painting, plumbing, glazing, carpentering, and in fact all the work required for the ordinary use of the establishment is executed by the lunatics, thus combining economy with the most important remedial agents, so useful in alleviating the maladies of the inmates. In confirmation of this may be mentioned an interesting case of a patient, previously an engineering smith who was in so desponding a state, that it was with great difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to take any exercise. The steward at last induced him to visit the engineer's shop, fixed a piece of iron in a vice, placed a tie in the patient's hand, and, holding his arm, began to use it as if at work. The well known sound and motion roused the attention of the patient, and the next day he voluntarily began to work, and in a few months improved so rapidly, that he was discharged cured, and reinstated in his former employment.

We observe that the committee appointed to draw up the Report lean strongly in favour of the instruction of the patients; and although they do not suggest the establishment of a school, they recommend that an attempt should be made to instruct some of the patients, the best effects have resulted from schools established in the principal French lunatic asylums. The amusement of the patients is an object of much solicitude to the Governors; a billiard-table, chess, and draughts being granted to the male patients, and the use of a piano to the female. The opening of the new Royal Exchange was considered a proper opportunity to be marked by a party, and the day which brought so much gratification to multitudes elsewhere, did not close without also affording some happy hours to many of the inmates of the hospital.

It may be well here to mention that permission is granted to pupils to learn practically the treatment of insanity in this hospital. On the 8th of July last the court came to a resolution that two pupils be selected, one from the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, and one from the Royal Hospital of St. Thomas, to attend the physicians, and be instructed by them in the treatment of insanity; the term of attendance to be for six months, at the expiration of which time each pupil will be expected to prepare an essay on the nature and treatment of insanity. Thus there is every reason to hope that a new generation of medical officers will be effectively educated, and that, to use the words of Dr. Conolly, they will establish "the great truth, that the only restraint which is universally to be depended upon, is the uniformly kind and indulgent treatment of those whose malady has reduced them to the feeble and wayward condition of childhood."

Imperial Parliament.

NEW TARIFF: AGRICULTURAL RELIEF.

House of Commons, March 17.

When the order of the day was read for going into Committee on the Customs Acts, Mr. WILLIAM MILES (Somerset) moved as an amendment—

"That it is the opinion of this House, that in the application of surplus revenue towards relieving the burdens of the country by reduction or remission of taxation, due regard should be had to the necessity of affording relief to the agricultural interest."

He complained that the agricultural interest had been neglected in the financial scheme of Government; and insisting that agricultural distress is general, he imputed it as a direct consequence to the recent measures of Parliament. It had been said that the distress in the country was partial, and that it was confined to certain districts of the country, where, from the dryness of the season, the crops had been deficient. For himself, he must own that generally speaking, there was a deficiency in the Southern parts of the country; and he must further admit that no Ministry could control the atmospheric influences, or regulate their effects on the produce of the soil. ("Hear, hear!" from the *Opposition benches*) He did not know to what that cheer alluded: such were his opinions, whether right or wrong, and he believed they would be assented to by the whole world. ("Hear, hear, hear!") He would maintain that the distress was not local, but general; and that it pressed upon the country even in seasons of general prosperity, though it was more this year by reason of the dryness of the season having had an injurious effect upon all the crops except wheat. And there was a singular occurrence which had taken place this year, which it would be well to notice to the House—namely, that when oats, hay, and barley were deficient, the price of meat usually got up, so that the deficiency of the crops was made up by the sale of cattle. But this was not now the case: and though the farmer was now purchasing his provender at a high rate, yet he would be able to prove before he sat down, that neither at Smithfield, Leadenhall, nor Newgate markets, nor in any of the country markets, had the price of meat risen.

Under the new Corn-law, even with wheat at 50s., the farmer obtains less protection than under the law of 1828. During the three years that the law has been in operation, the importations have been, of wheat 4,778,669 quarters; of flour, 1,237,193 hundredweight; the average price being 32s. 4d: in the three years ending 1837, when the average price was 55s. 10d., only 640,824 quarters of wheat were imported. In 1842, excellent malt made from Danish barley was selling at 31s., when malt made from home-grown barley could not be sold under 35s. In fact, under the average of 50s. a quarter there has been a constant flow of foreign wheat into the market, since 1842, to compete with

the farmer. The deficiency in the harvest has not been compensated by the rise in price: in the early months of 1843 corn was at 48s. a quarter; to give compensation to the British farmer, corn ought to have been about 60s. in the latter part of 1843 and early part of 1844. Had Agricultural Members been aware that the new Corn-bill would be succeeded by a Canada Corn-bill and the new Tariff, they would not have given their votes for it. He read returns to show that under the new Tariff the price of meat has sustained a gradual but decided fall: "first class inferior beef" for example, has fallen from 3s. 3-4d. in 1841 to 2s. 7d. in 1844, and the price of other kinds in proportion: yet the importation of cattle has been small compared with that which may be anticipated. The farmers complain of burdens which especially and grievously oppress them—the poor-rates, the county-rates, and police-rates; and the rent-charge, which was calculated when wheat was 65s. a quarter, whereas now it is only 48s. The total county-rates amount to £3,896,501; of which, £5,434,895 is assessed on land, and £2,635,287 on dwelling-houses. The measures of relief he proposed were the following—Government support for Lord Worsley's Enclosure Bill and Mr. Robert Palmer's Drainage Bill; transfer of the expense of criminal prosecutions from the county-rate to the Consolidated Fund; transfer of half the cost of Coroner's inquests from the county-rates to Government; and the like transfer of half the gaol expenses. The total expense of all these ameliorations in England and Wales would be about £275,000. In Scotland, two-thirds of the criminal prosecutions is borne by Government; and including Scotland in the estimate it would only be about £350,000. Mr. Miles concluded by reproaching Ministers with their conduct after having been placed in power by the farmers. The farmers have no confidence in their measures; they complain that the word "protection" so often uttered by Sir Robert Peel when in Opposition, is now seldom heard from his lips: the expressions at the close of his financial statement have caused great anxiety and distrust. The Corn-law was passed in the same year that the Tariff was revised: and now, in three years, the Tariff is again revised. At Salisbury, Mr. Sidney Herbert declared the existing protection sufficient; whereas Mr. Miles contended that protection ought to have been "diluted."

Sir JAMES GRAHAM opposed the motion at much length. He pointed out the inconsistency between Mr. Miles's speech and his motion; the speech leading to repeal of the Corn laws, and that part of the Tariff relating to foreign meat, and by no means preparing the way for so small a boon as that now craved on behalf of so great an interest. Sir James referred with some minuteness to the failure of Mr. Thordill Baring's attempt to increase the revenue by an additional percentage—which failed in the indirect part of taxation, but succeeded in the Assessed Taxes—as proving that the limits of indirect taxation had been reached and that recourse must be had to direct taxation: therefore the Income-tax was imposed, and indirect taxes, principally on raw material, to the amount of £1,135,000 had been remitted, affording relief to the entire community. But landowners have derived a large share of benefit: the price of timber is gradually falling—the price is 6d., a foot less than it was in 1841; while landowners are the great consumers of timber, for repairs and buildings: the agriculturists have also benefited by remission of taxes on articles of consumption; and the remission of the protective duty on wool has caused a great increase in the demand for British wool, with a corresponding increase of price. If the present scheme were sanctioned the amount of taxes remitted in three years would be, in Customs-duties, £5,142,000; in Assessed Taxes, £1,162,000: total, £6,304,000. Mr. Miles represents agriculture as depressed, while commerce and manufactures are flourishing: Sir James can testify, from personal experience, that in Scotland and the North of England the farming classes are in a state of great prosperity; and it is generally admitted that in Ireland the last year was one of unexampled prosperity and abundance. If the importations have been greater than under the Corn-law of 1828, it is indisputable that the quantity of corn grown in this country is insufficient for a population increasing at the rate of 1,000 a day: if the supply were intercepted, some frightful convulsion must ensue. The importation of barley and oats was last year 1,028,000 quarters, the duty paid was £205,000; the average price for the ten years ending 1844 has been about 33s.; the importation has gone on steadily from week to week, equally un retarded and unstimulated by high or low duties: those facts show the increasing power of consumption in the people. The Canada Corn-bill has had a most useful effect for the agriculturist. It was the custom of speculators to run up the price of corn before the harvest, in order to introduce foreign corn at a lower duty: the corn from Canada is imported in April, and just serves to counteract that manoeuvre in the market: yet it can have had no effect on English corn; for the quantity imported in 1841 was but 241,000 quarters, and in each of the three subsequent years about 227,000 quarters. As to the importation of cattle under the Tariff, in the first six months after it came into operation, the number was 4,076 cattle, 410 pigs; in 1843, the number was 1,482 cattle, 361 pigs; in 1844, 4,865, cattle, the number of pigs still decreasing.

"From practical experience, I am convinced that a steady annual importation of 10,000 head of cattle from abroad would produce no effect whatever upon the markets in this country; nor do I believe that if 300,000 were to come over they would have any such effect. I will tell you what I think would produce an immediate effect upon the price of meat,—the prevalence of low wages throughout the manufacturing districts, which would effectually prevent those classes who inhabit them from consuming your cattle. I speak upon this subject from a personal knowledge of the facts. The county with which I am connected is not very far distant from the manufacturing districts and the town of Liverpool: and it is to them that we look as the consumers of our produce. We, the agricultural classes in Cumberland and thereabouts, do not ask any questions about the number of cattle imported under the new Tariff; but we ask, what is the state of trade and manufactures in the districts where our consumers reside." (Loud and reiterated cheers from the *Opposition benches*.)

The burdens Mr. Miles complains of are actually decreasing: while the population of England and Wales has increased from 10,506,586 in 1813 to 16,453,010 in 1844, the poor-rates together have decreased from £8,646,841, to £6,848,717, or from 16s. 5d. a-head to 8s. 3d. With respect to the measures, Lord Lincoln would be able to lay upon the table, in the course of the present session, bills on the subject of enclosure and drainage; the importation of malt for the purpose of feeding cattle is already allowed, under proper restrictions to prevent fraud; the transfer of the expenditure, proposed by Mr. Miles, to the Public Fund, would be inconsistent with the local control over such expenditure, and would remove great checks upon prodigality. Sir James had resisted a similar proposal in 1834, when he was a member of Lord Grey's Cabinet.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL opposed the motion. He took Mr. Miles's and Sir James Graham's speeches together as establishing his position that "protection is the bane of agriculture," and that it cannot stand in the face of *discon-*

tent; a fact practically corroborated by the Corn-law of 1842 and the subsequent measures. He sneered at Ministers for saying, in effect, if we have not sufficient corn for the population, let us have it from some colony or from some foreign country through that colony, so that the protection may be less indeed than it is in appearance. Thus an alteration was made in the law by the Ministers who were brought into power to maintain agricultural protection! But although Lord John considered protection the bane of agriculture, he thought with Mr. Ricardo and other high authorities, that restrictions ought to be removed in the most cautious manner. Sir James Graham had fully answered Mr. Miles's propositions. A proposal to institute a public prosecutor would present a totally different view of that question. He would reply generally to Mr. Miles, that if such alterations were to be made, let there be no more protection either for commerce or for land; let all imposts to be taken off the raw material, treating the produce of land as raw material; let the House agree to Mr. Ward's inquiry into special burdens on land, and to equalize their operation on all classes. Supposing protection to be continued, in what an ungracious position would the landed interest be placed! —

"If they complain of the present state of the law, they will be obliged to complain that human food has been rendered cheaper and more abundant than it had previously been; that there had been reductions to the extent of 6d., 7d., or 8d. since the bill of 1842. Then, in order to be consistent, they must complain that the Tariff is an evil, and one that requires the interference of the Legislature. They must complain that when the poor man buys two pounds of meat for his Sunday's dinner, he has saved 2d. in the price of his weekly luxury; that when he buys a quantity of bread, he saves per week 4d. or 5d. See how ungracious all this will appear in the eyes of the world; but how different would its appearance be if all were reduced equally; in fact, how fair would it be if there were no special protections. If the prices of meat and manufactures rose at the same time there would be an obvious increase in the comforts of the people; this might be followed by new production, then by a fall of prices, and that again by a fresh rise. That would indeed be a happy state of things. And who would desire to see the continuance of a law that would prevent that happy consummation? What class of the community would listen to a complaint that the law was not stringent enough to prevent such a state of things?"

Mr. DISRAELI seized the occasion for one of his attacks on Sir Robert Peel's Administration. Protection, he argued is not a principle but an expedient: if an expedient, it must depend upon circumstances; if it depend upon circumstances it cannot be settled by those quotations of repudiated dogmas cited by Lord John Russell. Some day, the great question, will you have protection, or will you have—not free trade, for this is not the alternative—but free imports, must be met; yet before it can be settled, there are many questions of hostile tariffs, wages, currency, which must be calmly entered upon. As to the present motion, it was not new; a similar motion had been proposed under identical circumstances, and the result would be some guide to the probable result of the present motion.

In 1836, not a triumphant, but a powerful Opposition wished to try a fall on this very motion, with, he would not say a feeble, but at the same time not a confident Government; and Mr. Miles, looking at the present distinguished position of those who were then his supporters, might no doubt count upon a greater share of success in a Conservative than in a Whig House of Commons. "There is the right honorable gentleman," continued Mr. Disraeli, interrupted by frequent laughter and cheers. "the Secretary for Ireland; he voted under similar circumstances for an identical motion. I know the right honourable gentleman too well to doubt that he will give a similar vote tonight. There was then a budget; there was then a surplus; and then, as now, the Agricultural interest came and said through their Members—'Are we not now to be considered?' The right honourable Secretary for Ireland thought that they should be considered; and I am not at all surprised that such should have been the case, for the right hon. gentleman has always been the friend of agriculture. I remember having had the honour of meeting him in the presence of his constituents. I cannot forget the circumstance, because the president at the dinner was the noble Lord who in 1836 brought forward the motion, but who is now in the other House of Parliament; and I well remember the speech which the right honourable gentleman made under these circumstances. Those, Sir, were dreary moments. Then we were in such a position, that we knew we had no chance of getting into power, unless we were brought in by an agricultural party. Oh, I know the feelings of the constituency of Buckingham. They were satisfied—greatly satisfied—with the sympathy of so accomplished a representative, when he was in Opposition; but when he came into power, they knew they had a friend on whom they might count. The nobleman, too, who presided at that dinner could never more than they suppose such a thing. When he found the policy of Government to be contrary to his opinions, he quitted the Cabinet; therefore the honorable Member for Somersetshire may count upon the support of the right honourable gentleman the Secretary for Ireland." Mr. Disraeli pursued these sarcastic appeals, to Sir George Clerk, Lord Lincoln, and Capt. Boldero, the Member for Chippenham. "Not an agricultural constituency, from Buckingham to Chippenham, with the great county between, but must be imbued with gratitude for being so represented. It is but just to state that the right honourable gentleman at the head of the Government was of a contrary opinion. I should be very sorry to make any statements in any way erroneous; I must therefore specifically say that the right honourable gentleman did not approve of the motion. He went into the Whig lobby. He alone left his party. The right honourable gentleman behaved throughout in the most handsome manner. (Great laughter on the Opposition benches.) The right honourable gentleman preserved his consistency, and kept on the best terms with his party. (Loud Laughter.) Now, that is exactly 'the state of the question.' (Loud cheers from the Opposition.) And I have not the slightest doubt, Sir, that the right honourable gentleman will vote against his party now, and, following precedents, that he will afterwards treat his immediate supporters with the same affability as ever." (Much laughter, and cries of "Hear, hear" from the Opposition.) However, Sir Robert Peel has done more for agriculture than any previous Minister. He had kicked out of the Cabinet the Minister of Commerce, and thereby made a favourable demonstration to agriculture. No doubt, Sir Robert Peel's conduct is different in office from what it was in opposition. "But that's the old story: you must not contrast too strongly the hour of courtship with the moment of possession. 'Tis very true that the right honourable gentleman's conduct is different. I remember his 'protection' speeches—the best speeches I ever heard. It was a great thing to hear the right honourable gentleman say, 'I would sooner be the leader of the gentlemen of England than possess the confidence of sovereigns.' That was a grand thing. (The ironical tone in which this comment was given caused roars of laughter.) We don't hear much of 'the gentlemen of England' now. But they have the pleasures of memory—the charming reminiscences of a first

love. The right honourable gentleman does what he can to keep these gentlemen quiet: he sometimes treats them with arrogant silence, and sometimes with haughty frigidity; and if they knew anything of human nature they would take the hint and shut their mouths. But they won't. And what then happens? Why, the right honourable gentleman, being compelled to interfere, sends down his valet, a well-behaved person, to make it known that we are to have no 'whining' hero."

Keeping up this attack prospectively, Mr. Disraeli finished thus—

"Protection appears to be in about the same condition that Protestantism was in 1828. (Loud cheers from the Opposition.) The country will draw its moral. For my part, if we are to have free trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the honourable Member for Stockport, than by one who, through skilful Parliamentary manœuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and of a great party. For myself, I care not what will be the result. Dissolve, if you like, the Parliament you have betrayed, and appeal to the people, who, I believe, mistrust you. For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy."

Sir ROBERT PEEL argued, that it would be a delusion to suppose that Mr. Miles's proposition would cause any benefit to the agricultural interest. If adopted for England and Wales, similar relief must be extended also to Scotland and Ireland; making the charge on the Consolidated Fund £400,000, in order to obtain a relief equivalent to £250,000 for England: but the Consolidated Fund is neither more nor less than the general taxation of the country, to which the agriculturists contribute. The Agricultural Protection Societies have recommended support of Mr. Miles's motion, in order to arrest the progress of Government measures, and to imply a censure on their financial policy; and for that reason alone Sir Robert could not assent to it. The House had sanctioned the Income-tax; and it would be acting with gross bad faith to take that tax without fulfilling the conditions under which it was granted. Sir Robert contrasted the state of the country when he entered office—thousands of houses in Sheffield unoccupied, people snatching a scanty sustenance at Bolton from animals who had died of disease, 17,000 persons at Paisley subsisting on voluntary charity—with the present state of things. Let the House consider, not the 3,000 or 4,000 cattle or pigs imported, but the effect of a diminished demand throughout the manufacturing districts on the prices of agricultural produce. Agricultural prosperity cannot coexist with the continuance of manufacturing distress. Compare the flourishing accounts in commercial circulars at the beginning of this year with the circulars of 1842 and their predictions of ruin. There are no unsound speculations as in the memorable year 1835, nor any enormous bill-circulation as before the last panic. Altogether, our monetary relations with foreign countries are in a favourable condition. This increased prosperity has a direct bearing on agriculture—

"The quantity of wheat sold during the last four weeks in those towns where returns are made for the purpose of striking the average is 2,128,000 quarters; being no less than 287,000 quarters more than the amount of sale during the corresponding period of 1842. Observe, too, that the whole of that increased consumption of wheat was the produce of this country. There was no need for an importation of foreign wheat."

When Mr. Villiers should make his motion, Sir Robert would be prepared to say why he thought the Corn-laws ought not to be abolished—

"At the same time, I am not prepared to say that precisely the same amount of agricultural protection shall be maintained, if by that you mean that we are not at liberty to touch it in any revision of a tariff, as in regard to bark, or articles of that kind. I believe it is for the interest of the country that you should relax your prohibitory and restrictive laws with great caution: I do not say for the advantage of the agricultural interest, but for the advantage of all classes of the community. * * * Our intention is, to pursue the course we have hitherto taken, without yielding to the suggestions of one party or the other."

He would enter into no personal controversy with Mr. Disraeli. When the Tariff was proposed in 1842, that gentleman said—"The conduct pursued by the Right Honourable Baronet was in exact, permanent, and perfect consistency with the principles of free trade laid down by Mr. Pitt." Sir Robert held the panegyric and the attack in the same estimation: but he could not help being struck with their both having proceeded from the same person.

On a division, the motion was negatived, by 213 to 78.

ENGLAND AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

House of Commons, March 19.

Mr. ALDAM called Sir Robert Peel's attention to a recent message addressed by President Tyler to the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, insinuating that the treatment of liberated Africans in the British Colonies is no better than it was in the time of slavery. [This message accompanied several documents transmitted by Mr. Wise, the American Minister at Brazil; who detailed devices by which both British and American subjects evade the laws against slave trading; and Mr. Tyler suggested whether other means than those now existing might not be necessary to give effect to the "just and humane policy" of the American laws.] Mr. Aldam read the following passages from the message—

"The slaves, when captured, [by the British,] instead of being returned to their homes, are transferred to her Colonial possessions in the West Indies, and made the means of swelling the amount of their products by a system of apprenticeship for a term of years." "It must be obvious, that while these large interests are enlisted in favour of its continuance, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to suppress the nefarious traffic, and that its results would be in effect but a continuance of the slave trade in another and more cruel form: for it can be matter of little difference with the African, whether he is torn from his country and transferred to the West Indies as a slave, in the regular course of the trade, or captured by a cruiser, transported to the same place, and made to perform the same labour as an apprentice; which is at present the practical operation of the policy adopted."

Sir ROBERT PEEL thought it was to be regretted that the President of the United States of America should send a formal message on the subject to Congress without first ascertaining what was the real condition of the slaves in the British Colonies. If the President should think fit to appoint a Commission to ascertain the state of the liberated Africans in the British West Indian Colonies, so far from making any objection, the British Government would offer every facility to the Commission for carrying on the inquiry so that the Commissioners, on their return to their own country, might present a true picture. As to the passage quoted, it is well known that the state of apprenticeship has been altogether abolished in the West Indies. No Negro who has been captured, and liberated, and sent there, is now, or ever has been, made to serve for a time as an apprentice. He is perfectly free when he lands, and is entitled to all the rights of freedom. He stated the course pursued by Government with respect to slaves captured by British cruisers—

"If they are captured on the coast of Africa, they are generally speaking, taken to Sierra Leone; and there they are perfectly at liberty to determine for themselves whether they will go or not to the West India Colonies. They are also at perfect liberty to determine for themselves whether they will go to the country of which they may be the natives. According to the provisions of the treaties we have with Spain, in the event of the capture of a Spanish trading vessel by a British cruiser, the slaves so captured are to be delivered up to the country to which the capturing cruiser belongs; and we have a vessel at the Havannah, which, in general, receives the slaves captured in the neighbourhood of Cuba. It is true that individual slaves may not always be sent to Africa; it is quite impossible at all times to provide means of sending them thither; but if they are sent to the West Indies they are subject to no compulsion; and although they may voluntarily enter into contracts, there is no apprenticeship whatever. It is possible the mistake of the American President may have originated in this manner. Our treaty with Spain was entered into in 1835; at that time the state of apprenticeship did exist; and the provision of the treaty was, that the captured Negro should be sent to the British Colonies and placed on the same footing as an apprentice: but since 1835 the state of apprenticeship has altogether ceased; and no captured Negro introduced into the British Colonies is now in a condition other than that of a free man. In addition to the treaty with Spain, we have a treaty with Brazil and Portugal. By the treaty with Brazil it was provided that the captured slaves should be delivered up to the country on the coasts of which they were captured or to which the captured vessel belonged. It was the manifest intention of the treaty that captured slaves should become free men: but Brazil insisted on keeping them in a state of slavery, and declined to keep the engagements of the treaty with respect to the future disposition of the slaves. On repeated proof that such was the case, we signified to the Government of Brazil, that the slaves when captured should not be delivered up to Brazil, unless Brazil consented to place them in a state of freedom: and we do keep a vessel at Rio Janeiro to recover the slaves captured on that coast, instead of delivering them up to Brazil, to be afterwards sent, as they may prefer, to the West India Colonies, or back to Africa. Instantly on arriving in the West Indies they are in the condition of free men. I must say, I cannot but regret that this should have been the subject of a public formal message to Congress, and yet that the practice of this country should not have been understood."

With respect to another allegation in that document, that both the subjects of the United States and of this country are concerned in carrying on the slave trade, that is a matter for very serious consideration, "I am not prepared to deny that fact: but I do hope, that if law can reach the application of British capital to the continuance of the slave trade, it will be able to be enforced with a vigour that shall put an end to such practices."

JEWISH CIVIL DISABILITIES.

House of Lords, March 10.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the second reading of a bill for the relief of persons of the Jewish religion elected to municipal offices; explaining the nature and objects of the measure.

The bill was intended to get rid of some anomalies, some inconsistencies, he might say some absurdities, in the existing law. A Jew may already hold very important responsible offices: Sir Moses Montefiore is a Magistrate for the Cinque Ports, and for the counties of Kent and Middlesex; Mr. David Salomon is a Magistrate for Surrey and Kent, and other Jewish gentlemen are in the Commission of the Peace; Mr. Salomon is Deputy-Lieutenant of a county, and one of the Messrs. Rothschild is Deputy-Lieutenant of another county. Not only are Jews eligible to the office of High Sheriff, but if elected a Jew is bound to serve: the office of Sheriff is regarded in London as a stepping-stone to the post of Alderman: if you compel a man to accept a burdensome office, it is most unjust to exclude him from the customary reward; and the manner in which the exclusion has been effected in the case of Mr. Salomon was still more objectionable. He had served the office of Sheriff, and was elected to the Court of Aldermen; but the Court refused to tender him the oaths; requiring him first to sign the declaration that he would do nothing detrimental to the Protestant religion, "on the true faith of a Christian"; which, of course, he could not do. The Court of Queen's Bench was of opinion, that, if he had taken the oaths, he might have been duly admitted and installed in his office; and that if he had subsequently neglected to sign the declaration, he would have been protected by the annual Act of Indemnity. By reversing the order of procedure, however, and making the declaration anterior to the oaths, the Court of Aldermen were enabled to exclude whom they pleased from the bench of Aldermen, or to admit those whom they favoured; virtually obtaining a hold over the election for which there was no warrant in law. At this moment there are Aldermen of the Jewish religion in Birmingham, Portsmouth, Southampton, and other places. The compulsion of signing a declaration has been abolished in the case of Quakers, Independents, Moravians, and Separatists; the act of abjuration (the 10th of George the First) was repealed by a temporary act—temporary because supposed to have been rendered unnecessary by the operation of the annual Indemnity Act; but setting an example which he now proposed to follow. In other countries—France, Belgium, Holland, and the United States—Jews have been admitted to the highest offices, with no inconvenient result. A less liberal policy prevails in the Austrian States and in Germany; but there also they are beginning to relax in their rigour. Prussia has set the example to the German states. There, persons of the Jewish religion are admitted to the schools and the universities, where they read lectures and take degrees. The most admirable consequences have resulted from this proceeding; for some of the most learned men in those universities—those who have most distinguished themselves in literature and science, are among such persons. Lord Lyndhurst stated that he had referred some old acts of Parliament on the subject to the Criminal Law Commissioners—such as ought no longer to disgrace the statute-book. Among others, there is one act passed in the reign of Edward the First, and entitled *De Judaismo*, where the inhabitants of the particular parts of cities which were termed "the Jewries" are required to wear on their outer garments a badge indicating the religion they belong to.

The measure was met with hearty concurrence by the Marquis of LANSDOWNE, Lord BROUHAM, and Lord CAMPBELL. The Bishop of LONDON, and Lord COLCHESTER did not oppose the bill; but declared their determination to oppose any ulterior measure for admitting Jews to Parliament.

Leave was given to bring in the bill. [The bill was afterwards read a third time and passed.]

THE "LONG RANGE."—On Wednesday, Lord Ingestre read to the House of Commons a letter from Mr. Warner complaining of unfair treatment; repeating a challenge to destroy a ship at a distance of five miles; and also offering to make experiments at his own expense, before the Master-General

of the Ordnance, the Prime Minister, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Ingestre. Sir Charles Napier thought that an old hull might be allowed by Government for Mr. Warner to attempt its destruction at the distance of five miles. Sir Robert Peel feared to give any encouragement to schemers, with whose letters he was inundated, making similar offers, and demanding even larger rewards than the £100,000 or £200,000 claimed by Mr. Warner. All that he could say was, that if the author of any one of those projects could show a proof of his possessing the means of destruction to a great extent at a distance of five miles, he would recommend him to make a private communication on the subject to the Board of Ordnance, and he did not despair of leave being given to make a trial.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.—A tart conversation occurred in the House of Lords on Monday. The House was in Committee on the Deodand Abolition Bill, and the Earl of Ellenborough took exception to some verbal redundancy. Lord Campbell, the author of the bill, said that a charge of redundancy came strangely from the promulgator of certain verbose compositions in India. Lord Ellenborough was prepared to answer Lord Campbell, or any man; and (speaking emphatically) he wished to hear repeated in his presence what had been said in his absence. Lord Campbell had not the most distant idea of reflecting upon the noble Lord's policy, only alluding to his style. Lord Ellenborough repeated advice once given by Lord Chatham, that if Lord Campbell meant nothing, he should say nothing. Lord Brougham told his noble friend, that in his absence he had been zealously, and fully, and anxiously, successfully and ably, defended by the Duke of Wellington; and zealously, though God knows, not ably, defended by the individual who then addressed their Lordships. Lord Ellenborough—"I know the whole debt of gratitude I owe to the noble Duke, upon this as upon other subjects: but [much excited] I cannot venture to speak of this subject."

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.—The following list of names was moved by Mr. Shaw, on Tuesday, as a Select Committee to inquire into the merits of the atmospheric plan of railways—Mr. Shaw, Mr. Bingham Baring, Lord Harry Vane, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Francis Baring, Viscount Mahon, Sir Charles Lemon, Mr. Hawes, Viscount Howick, Mr. Hodgson Hinde, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Pakington, Mr. Gibson Craig, Mr. Lascelles, and Mr. Wyse.

LEGISLATION IN PROSPECT.—In the House of Commons, several measures have been deferred till after Easter, and some new ones are to be introduced. The Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill, read a first time on Monday, is to be read again on the 2d of April. Lord Ashley's bill to regulate Labour in Cotton-print-works stands for 2d April. After Easter, Government will state their intentions respecting a new Poor-law for Scotland; a measure founded on the Irish Tenure of Land Commissioners' Report will probably be introduced, (in which House, and by whom, is uncertain); and two measures more positively promised are, a bill relating to Maynooth College, and a bill for Extending Academical Education in Ireland.

Foreign Summary.

The new Tariff, as brought forward by Sir Robert Peel, had gone into operation. The only change from what he proposed, was some slight alteration in the standard for sugars.

COMMUNICATION ACROSS THE Isthmus of PANAMA.—There is, we are assured, at least a chance of the accomplishment of the great object which for many years has been under consideration—of opening a communication across the Isthmus of Panama. Arrangements to effect this important object are in progress under the highest patronage. Shortly the details will be communicated.

London Shipping Gaz. March 25.

The Swiss Diet had adjourned, without adopting any decided measures for the expulsion of the Jesuits. England, France, Austria and Prussia, had addressed a strong note to the Swiss government, recommending peace, concessions, &c. No fresh outbreaks had taken place.

MONSTER GUN FOR AMERICA.—A monster gun has just been manufactured by Messrs. Forsythe and Preston, of Liverpool, which is intended to replace the one that burst on board one of the American war steamers, a short time ago, killing the Secretary of State, and wounding several other official persons. It is made of malleable iron, is 12 feet long, and weighs 11 tons 3 cwt. 2 qrs. 11 lbs.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS.—A sale of autographs of distinguished persons took place last week in London, some dating as far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth. The autographs of Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and General Washington commanded better prices than most of the crowned heads. There were 184 lots sold, and they realized £300.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of the Dean of Westminster to the vacant see of Ely.

Letters from Rome leave no doubt about the marriage of Count Trapani, who was residing there, with the Queen of Spain. The King of Naples was expected in the Roman capital, to announce the important fact to his brother, and to prepare for the ceremony.

The Dublin Evening Packet, the organ of the Castle, confirms the statement that her Majesty and Prince Albert will visit Ireland next summer.

A fatal duel had taken place in the Bois de Boulogne, between M. de Beauvelon, one of the editors of the *Globe* (Paris paper,) and M. Dujarrier, the director and principal proprietor of the *Presse*, which unfortunately proved fatal to the latter gentleman. The parties fought with pistols, and on the first fire, M. de Beauvelon's ball struck M. Dujarrier in the right eye, and having penetrated into the brain, the unhappy man fell dead on the instant. The cause of quarrel was not exactly known, but it is supposed to have reference to a series of personal attacks upon the conductors of the *Presse* which have recently appeared in the columns of the *Globe*.

MAJOR GENERAL SIR C. NAPIER.—The Earl of Ellenborough having commissioned Messrs. Hunt and Roskill, of Bond street, to manufacture the handle of a sword which he is about to present to Sir C. Napier, G. C. B., Governor of Scinde, as a testimony of the high respect in which he holds the character of that gallant officer, his lordship's wishes have been carried out by those eminent goldsmiths, under his own immediate direction, and a most splendid weapon is the result. The blade, which is straight and of the finest Damascus steel, is double edged, and exceedingly sharp. The handle and hilt are of gold, wrought with devices and legends. The legends are thus—"Edward, Earl of Ellenborough, to Major General Sir C. J. Napier, Governor of Scinde."—"Meanee—Hydrabad." The motto of the Major General also appears in embossed characters, "Ready, aye ready." The whole weapon resembles the swords of the Knights Templar. The sheath

and belt, &c., are crimson embroidered in gold, and ornamented with stars, resembling those on the gates of Somnauth, of which the public have heard a good deal. There is a similar star on the handle. Altogether this is a most elaborate and splendid sword.

TURKEY.—The spirit of reform has extended to Turkey. The Ministers had issued a hatti-scherif, in which they express their anxiety to improve the condition of the people. To arrive at the best means of carrying out their contemplated improvements, two deputies were to be summoned from each town or district, the one a Turk, the other a Rayah, to give evidence respecting their several localities. When the evidence is collected, a plan is to be formed for assimilating the institutions to those of European States.

THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.—The first edition of the *History of the Consulate and Empire*, by M Thiers, which appeared in Paris on Saturday, was completely exhausted in the course of a few hours. At 4 o'clock 10,000 copies had been sold, and 5,000 of a new edition, then in the press, were bespoken. M. Merruan, in a long article in the *Constitutionnel*, reviews this important work, and recapitulates all the sources from which its author derived his information touching the events he describes. He notices in particular the correspondence of Napoleon, which he computes at 40,000 letters or notes dictated by him in the course of his public life. "Napoleon," says M. Merruan, "never deliberated; he always ordered, and always in writing. He dictated with prodigious rapidity, and was in the habit of reading over what he had dictated. There were days on which he dictated as many as a hundred letters. At Osterode, in 1807, in the heart of Poland, and amidst the snows of winter, he wrote, on the same day, to Fouche respecting individuals placed under his surveillance; to Cambaceres on all the affairs and documents connected with the Council of State, which had been sent to him to sign; to Joseph, King of Naples, to Louis, King of Holland, on the art of reigning in new countries; to Madame Campan, on female education; to Murat, on the organization of the cavalry; to the generals of the engineering department on the fortress of Alessandria; and to Berthollet, for whom he professed the greatest affection, sending him 150,000 francs to assist him in his difficulties."

REMARKABLE OPERATION FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The London Medical Gazette contains an article from the pens of Dr. Hastings and Mr. Robert Storks, surgeon, descriptive of a remarkable operation for the cure of consumption by the perforation of the cavity of the lungs through the walls of the chest. It consists in making an opening into the ribs between the cavity which forms in the lung during the latter stages of consumption. The immediate effects of the operation, (which requires only a few seconds for its performance, and which causes but slight pain) in the case in question was the diminution of the frequency of the patient's pulse, which fell in twenty-four hours from 120 to 68; freedom of respiration, which had been a very distressing symptom, loss of cough and expectoration, both of which had been very severe. This operation, which has established the possibility of curing this hitherto fatal disease, appears to have been completely successful. The report of the condition of the patient a month after its performance, being that he was rapidly regaining his flesh and strength, whilst his respiration had become natural, and his pulse had fallen to 80, and his cough and expectoration had wholly ceased.

A half monthly over land mail brings intelligence from Calcutta to the 8th February.

There is nothing new from Scinde, the Punjab, Kholapore, or Sawant Warree. Nepal, so lately the scene of revolt, seems tranquil; for Prince Waldemar was travelling through it, with an escort provided by its ruler.

According to "reports" received via Lahore, Afghanistan, which has recently suffered so much from the plague, is now visited by famine. Dost Mahomed had been set upon when out riding, by a band of conspirators, who wounded him severely, but did not succeed in their attempt on his life. Akhbar Khan is said to be busily occupied in repairing the fortifications of Jellalabad; and still keeps the Sikhs in fear for Peshawar.

The Supreme Government had promulgated the draught of an act to alter the "lex loci." It ordains, that for all persons except Hindoos and Mussulmans, and in all places of the Company's territories, beyond the jurisdiction of the Supreme Courts, the law of England shall be the law of the land. The object of the bill is applauded, its details are strictly criticised.

Railway speculation continued to engage the public attention. Government was said to be determined to have the construction and management of railways whether established at the public expense or by private capital: but that proposition had not met with much favor.

OBITUARY.

On the 14th ult., Major General George Reeves, C. B., late Lieut Colonel of the 27th Regiment, aged 72.

On the 14th ult., Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Corsellis, aged 73.

On the 20th ult., the Right Rev. Dr. Allen, Bishop of Ely, aged 75.

On the 21st ult., General Sir Charles Wale, aged 81.

Mr. Drummond Hay, the English Consul at Tangiers, died recently at the scene of his duties. The deceased figured conspicuously in the negotiations between the Emperor of Morocco and the French, which preceded the blockade of last year. He is succeeded in the office by his son, Mr. John Drummond Hay.

CANADA COMPANY.

On the 25th instant the half yearly general meeting of this corporation formed about seventeen years since, to promote emigration to, and settlement in Upper Canada, was held at the Canada House, St. Helen's place, for the purpose of receiving a report on the state of the affairs of the company, for the election of a deputy governor, &c. Mr. Charles Franks, the governor, took the chair, and the minutes of the last court were read by Mr. Perry, the secretary.

The Governor then stated the objects of the meeting; and the vote for the re-election of the deputy governor, certain directors, and an auditor (there being no new candidates), having been taken, the parties who had retired by rotation were re-elected.

The Governor read the report of the directors for the year 1844, in which were detailed the number of acres of land sold and leased in the past twelve months, which showed the rapid extent to which settlement in Upper Canada is progressing. A statement of accounts was then read by the governor, which was ordered to be printed for the use of the proprietors. Mr. Franks stated, in elucidation of the affairs of the corporation, that since the year 1827 about one half the lands the company originally purchased had been sold or leased under the new plan. A proposal had been made to her Majesty's government by the directors, to manage the whole of the crown lands in Canada, upon cheaper terms than the government could itself do it. An indirect

advantage would be thus secured, as whatever tended to increase the value of land generally in the colony must benefit the Canada Company. The Canadas possessed advantages over all other British colonies for industrious small farmers. Such could obtain a position in society there, while, if they remained at home, they would sink into distress. As one proof of the prosperity of the comparatively poorer class of settlers in Upper Canada, he might state that in the last year the company had remitted to England, free of expense, to poor friends of parties on the lands of the corporation, £4141 12s. 7d., in sums of £6, £7, and £9 each; the numbers of such remittances being 565. And in the last two months, there had been remitted for the same purposes, £1267 7s. 7d., in 136 remittances. Not only, therefore, could the poorer but industrious class of settlers in Canada do well there, but very many of them could assist their friends at home. The Canada Company, in the last year, had remitted £29,000 to the colony, as great difficulty had been experienced in obtaining money upon the security of land, &c., in Canada on trust; and loan funds had been formed, from the operations of which the best results were anticipated. The colony was altogether in a most prosperous state (Hear.)

Thanks having been voted to the directors, the court was adjourned.

WAR-OFFICE. March 14.—5th Dragoon Grds.—Brevet-Lt-Col H D Campbell, from h-p Unattached, to be Major, v Westenra, who exch; Capt J W King to be Major, by purchase, v Campbell, who retires; Lt J Connolly to be Capt by pur, v King; Cornet Sir W Don, Bart, to be Lt by pur, v Conolly; C P Johnson, Gent to be Cornet, by pur, v Sir W Don, 12th Foot—H H Poiier, Gent to be Ensign, by pur, v Viscount Malden, appointed to the Rifle Brigade. 22d Foot—To be Lieuts without pur—Lt R W Woods, from 3d Foot, v M Murdo, promoted; Lt T G Souter, from 3d Foot, v Colleton, appointed to 77th Foot. 51st Foot—Lt and Adj't C T Bentley, from the Royal Canadian Rifle Regt, to be Adj't and Lt v Birch, deceased. 86th Foot—Staff-Surg of the Second Class A Thom, to be Surg vice Smith, who exch. Rifle Brigade—Ensign A De Vere Viscount Malden, from 12th Foot, to be Second Lt by pur, v Standish, who ret. Hospital Staff—Surg G R Dartnell from the 1st Foot, to be Staff-Surg of the First Class; Surg A Smith, M.D., from 86th Foot, to be Staff-Surg of the Sec Class, v Thom, who exch. Unattached—Brevet Col W Staveley, (Deputy Quartermaster-Gen at the Mauritius,) from Major h-p Unattached, to be Lt-Col without pur.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Capt Coll, of the 18th Foot, are George Frederick Stevenson.

WAR OFFICE. March 21.—1st Drag. Guards—Lieut. R. A. Moore to be Adj't. vice Hollis, who resigns the Adjutancy only. 8th Light Drags.—The Hon. S. F. Carew to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Toler, who retires. 3d Foot—Major-Gen. Sir H. King to be Col. vice Gen. the Earl of Effingham, dec. 12th Foot—Ensign M. Lawrence to be Lieut. without purchase, vice Johnston, dec; J. Uniacke, Gent, to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Lawrence. 15th Foot—Lieut.-Col. G. Johnstone, from half-pay Unattached, to be Lieut.-Col. vice Lord C. Wellesley, who exchanges; Major T. A. Drought to be Lieut. Col. by purchase, vice Johnstone, who retires; Capt. R. A. Cuthbert to be Major, by purchase, vice Drought; Lieut. H. B. Head to be Capt. by purchase, vice Cuthbert; Ensign G. A. Hatchett to be Lieut. by purchase, vice Head; J. Browne, Gent, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Hatchett. 63d Foot—Lieut. F. M. Owen to be Capt. by purchase, vice Seymour, whose promotion, by purchase, has been cancelled. 80th Foot—Major R. B. Wood, from half-pay Unattached, to be Major, vice C. R. Raitt, who exchanges. 84 Foot—Ensign W. C. E. Snow to be Lieut. without purchase, vice Clements, dec; Ensign D. O'Brien, from the 2d West India Regt, to be Ensign, vice Snow. 91st Foot—Ensign J. Owgan to be Lieut. by purchase, vice M'Inroy, who retires; W. Aitchison, Gent, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Owgan. 2d West India Regt—C. S. Nott, Gent, to be Ensign, without purchase, vice O'Brien, appointed to the 84th Foot. St. Helena Regt—Lieut. R. M'Queen, from half-pay 25 Light Drags, to be Lieut. vice Wemvss, appointed to the 46th Foot; Ensign C. R. Butler to be Lieut. by purchase, vice M'Queen, who retires; J. Gandy, Gent, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Butler.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE. March 24.—Corps of Ryl Engineers: Capt and Bvt-Mjr W R Ord to be Lt-Col v Thompson, ret on hf-pay; 2nd Capt W B Marlow to Capt v Ord; 1st Lt R S Beaton, to be 2nd Capt; 1st Lt S Freeth to be 2nd Capt v Marlow; 2nd Lt J M Grant to be 1st Lt v Freeth.

WAR-OFFICE. March 28.—3d Drag Gds.—Capt G F Stuart, from 44th Ft to be Capt v Rodon, who exch.—7th Drag Gds.: Ens C J B Plestow, from 76th Ft, to be Capt by pur v Petre, prom.—2nd Drags: Capt G C Clarke, from 89th Ft to be Capt v H M Campbell, who exch.—1st Regt Ft; Staff-Surg of the 2nd Class G G Robertson, M. D., to be Surg v Dartnell, prom on the Staff.—10th Bvt-Col Sir G Couper, Bart, from hf-pay Unatt to be Lt. Col v J Luard, who exch; Mjr T H Franks to be Lt-Col v Sir G Couper, who ret; Capt G Staunton to be Mjr by pur v Franks; Lt J T Gorle to be Capt by pur, vice Staunton; Ens C J Lindain to be Lt by pur, v Gorle; Ens C Needham from 84th Ft, to be Ens, v Lindain—15th. W C Bontine, Gent, to be Ens by pur, v Peel, appointed to 85th Ft.—23d. Lt A W W Wynne, to be Capt by pur, vice Ferguson, who ret; 2nd Lt R Bruce to be 1st Lt by pur, vice Wynne; J Blakeney, Gent, to be 2nd Lt by pur, v Bruce—44th. Capt J Rodon, from 3d Drag Gds to be Capt, v Stuart who exch.—68th. R W Woolcombe, Gent, to be Asst-Surg, v Irving, dec—76th. Gent Cadet J C Clarke, from the Ryl Mil Col, to be Ens by pur, v Plestow app to the 7th Drag Gds.—84. D Maunsell, Gent to be Ens by pur, v Needham, app to the 10 Ft.—85th. Lt H Mc'Dougall, from hf pay 91st Ft to be Lt, vice Ogilvy app to the 49th Ft; Ens R Maunsell to be Lt by pur, v M Dougall who rets; Ens E Y Peel from the 15th Ft to be Ens v Maunsell—89th. Mjr E Thorp to be Lt-Col without pur vice Souvere, dec; Capt E Kenney to be Mjr v Thorp; Lt W H Thornton to be Capt v Kenney; Capt H M Campbell, from 2nd Drag Gds to be Capt v Clarke who exch; Ens R B Kennedy to be Lt, v Thornton; B Mein, Gent to be Ens v Kennedy.

WANTED.—No. 1 of Vol. 2, Nos. 12, 14, 19 of Vol. 3, and No. 1 of Vol. 4, of the Anglo American, for which 12*s* each will be paid.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1845.

NEW PRESENTATION PLATE.

We have the satisfaction to announce to our subscribers and the public that we have made arrangements with an eminent artist for the execution of a

splendid engraving of a large size, the subject of which is "The Army and the Navy," and representing an interview, between those highly distinguished men, one of whom afterwards became the hero of Trafalgar, and the other that of Waterloo. It is well certified that both are excellent likenesses; that of Nelson does not display much difference in point of years from his appearance at the time he was snatched from his earthly triumphs, but that of THE DUKE—though he was neither duke nor lord then—will be found highly interesting as representing Wellesley in his prime. All the essential features which still distinguish the countenance of the British Hero are recognisable in the comparatively young soldier, and the *tout ensemble* of the picture it is believed will be in request by admirers among all nations. The plate is now in hand, and the artist is proceeding in it with all prudent dispatch. The size of it, however, and the great quantity of accessory matter which furnishes out the picture, will necessarily make the completion a work of time; but there shall be no unnecessary delay, and we shall feel proud in presenting it to our Subscribers as an offering worthy of their acceptance, and of our gratitude for liberal patronage and encouragement.

** Editors with whom we exchange will oblige us by noticing this in their Journals.

The Steam Ship *Great Western* arrived here on Wednesday morning last, bringing our English files to the 29th ult. The Great Western has had to encounter heavy westerly gales, but rode them out just as she has always done—like an excellent sea boat. The passengers, about 70 in number, have presented to Captain Mathews an address, expressive of their high sense of his kindness, attention, and above all his skill in his command, to which he responded in becoming terms. All this is no matter of surprise, for the excellent qualities of Captain Mathews are well and extensively known. Places are taken to the very last possible accommodation, by passengers to return with him and already we hear talk of a subscription for presenting him a testimonial of respect in the shape of a piece of plate. The Great Western exchanged colours with the British Mail Steamer *Cambria*, on the 7th inst. in Lat. 47° N and Long. 40° W.

Little can be said on the subject of Cotton, as it must be evident that buyers would hold off as much as possible until the time that exemption from duty on Cotton, should go into operation. No more was bought previously than just enough to keep the mills going.

The news generally, from Europe, is almost barren of interest, and in the Imperial Parliament matters are going on with great apparent smoothness. The Income-Tax renewal has been attacked in the Commons by Mr. C. Buller, but perhaps never has the minister had so great a superiority over an antagonist as on that occasion. Mr. Buller is a shrewd man, and a good debater, but he fruited away his arguments and entered into fallacious calculations hardly worthy of a reply. The debate itself presents several specimens of fine oratory, particularly the speech of Mr. Shiel, and there are likewise so many sagacious remarks in the course of it, that we shall endeavour to give it in considerable detail next week. Sir Robert Peel and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are quite firm in their determination to hold intact the measure, just as proposed.

It is lamentable to perceive the difficulties and expenses which are the consequences of overweening pride, whether individual or national; we have a striking example of this, in the proceedings now on foot between France and England, with respect to the African Slave Trade, and which are to eventuate as it is presumed, in each nation preserving its own dignity by sending vessels to blockade, and to examine vessels under its own colours without the intervention of the vessels of war of other nations. Thus there will be, as The London Spectator humorously remarks, three policemen necessary to do one policeman's duty; for the English vessel must be boarded by an English man of war only, a French or an American vessel, in like manner, and after all, the offender against the laws is more likely than ever to get away scatheless. Folly can scarcely go beyond this.

The Repeal cause is almost a forgotten one, except by the Agitator and his nearest colleagues, who are strenuous for the *Rint*, though they hardly attempt a novel proposal, or keep the fire burning under the old schemes. The arrival of the Queen in Ireland, which we presume may be expected, will give the *coup de grace* to the whole.

The Agricultural debate, which will be found under our Parliamentary head, is chiefly characterized by the fierce attack of Young England upon the Premier, and which had the effect of throwing the latter a little off his centre as regarded equanimity of temper, but it was by no means effective otherwise, for the fact is, and the general conduct of the Premier warrants it, that the Government is strong.

The bill for the removal of Jewish Disabilities has been carried through the upper house of Parliament, but the Bishop of London in withholding opposition to it said that he must not be understood as precluded thereby from opposing at a future time any motion for the admission of Jews into Parliament; and Lord Colchester is so jealous on the latter head, that he declared he was almost inclined to oppose the bill because a noble Lord had observed that it was regarded only as an instalment of a larger measure. There is no doubt that the noble Lord was correct, and that ere long the privileges of the Hebrew nation in England will be considerably enlarged.—"And what for no?" as Meg Dods says.

The Committee on the Game Laws has been appointed to the satisfaction of Mr. Bright. Mr. C. Berkeley, who is Mr. Bright's greatest opponent endeavoured to strike out two or three of the names, but was not able to carry out his point. It is probable therefore that this remnant of the degrading, feudal legislation will undergo a salutary and substantial revision, for the honorable

mover on this question is both too earnest and too energetic to permit it to be smothered, and we may now hope that the school of demoralization called *poaching* will be no more.

Sir Robert Peel seems to have happily got rid of Lord Stanley from the lower house, but he has not quite got rid of the difficulty of defending the noble secretary, whose official conduct in the New Zealand Company's affairs is likely to be troublesome to him. Mr. Somes and Mr. Aglionby, are moving and speaking in very measured terms with regard to Captain Fitzroy, the governor of the New Zealand settlements, and Lord Stanley, who of course, is officially mixed up in the affair, will find a hornet's nest about his ears ere long.

The latest Indian Mails bring the satisfactory intelligence that Sir Henry Hardinge is able, through the peaceful condition of India, to enter upon internal improvements there, in particular he is establishing schools, and giving encouragement to intelligent natives, by putting them in official situations. The sagacity as well as the moderation of the present Governor General, will be found highly advantageous both to the people of India and to the Government at home.

They have in Yorkshire a saying, in allusion to a certain propensity sometimes jocularly alleged against them, that "one man may steal a horse, where another man may not look over a hedge." This immunity of action, or something kindred to it, seems to be possessed by the British ministry just now. A whig government might try its heart out in endeavouring to establish one free trade principle; it would be voted down and rejected without mercy. A whig government as lately as four or five years ago, might, in conformity to the enlightened views of the present age, endeavour to enlarge the limits of their Jewish Brethren's privileges, but were sure to be voted down and defeated. A whig government, as it has been fully seen, might endeavour to conciliate Ireland and prevent hostile collisions, by refraining to offend religious consciences, and by liberal deportment with respect to the religious institutions and seminaries of that country, but to be indignantly voted down and reviled for the attempt. Hey! Presto! Pass! The Whigs are ejected, the Tories come in, and triumphantly carrying out all the propositions to which they were lately so opposed, they go beyond what the (now) opposition dared to hope for, and are lauded "to the very echo." O consistency, consistency, thou art but a name.

But, no matter. In each of the cases here is a great public service rendered, and,—to return again for a Yorkshire proverb, "let us not look a gift-horse in the mouth." It is somewhat hard, to be sure, to have the honour of one's own suggestions taken away and ascribed to another; but the patriot and the philanthropist will say (provided he be philosophical enough also) "no matter; the good I purposed is done, and what is it to me who has done it?" These successes of the present government not only show the great popularity of the Ministry, but are strong proofs that England is essentially a Tory community; the reason for this it is not difficult to point out, but that is not necessary here.

The boons—for such they are, or will be—to which we alluded above are, first, the Jewish Emancipation Bill which has passed the upper house without a division and will very probably get through the Commons notwithstanding the opposition of those emphatically called—*The Saints*: secondly, the abolition, or the reduction of Duties upon so generous and judicious a scale: and thirdly, the increased allowance to Maynooth, which last the Premier has the boldness to think of making perpetual; thus withdrawing that vexed question from the annual cavil which has hitherto attended it.

The awful calamity by water—we mean that of the wreck of the *Swallow*—has been speedily followed by that of a still fiercer element, fire, and the disaster has involved a much larger destruction of property, though, providentially not so awful loss of human life. The conflagration of nearly one half the city of Pittsburgh is one of the largest magnitude on this continent, and we fear will result in most extensive distress both in the neighbouring districts and in the insurance offices where much of the property of persons in middling circumstances may be invested in stock. It was so at the great fire in this city, where many an affluent firm was measurably preserved, whilst many a family was ruined in the insurance, though away from the flames. It is said that the loss at Pittsburgh will amount to five millions of dollars; let us hope that this is an exaggeration, but even half that sum, thus lost forever, must cause fearful inroads on the prosperity of trade. It would be idle for us to go into details now, of what has been running through the daily press nearly a week; the contemplation of the affair in mass is dreadful enough.

MADAME OTTO.—Every admirer of benevolence and liberality will rejoice to learn that a complimentary Concert to Madame Otto will be given in the course of a very short time, under the auspices of a large and respectable Committee. The services which this lady has rendered to the cause of humanity most justly entitle her to this compliment, and we have no doubt she will more value such a testimonial than any other demonstration of public approbation. We hear that De Begnis, Sanquirico, Madame Pico, and Miss Taylor have already tendered their kind services on the occasion; and that Messrs. Timm, Groenveldt, Kyle, and a large proportion of the Philharmonic orchestra are ready to assist with their instrumental talents for the same purpose. Indeed how should it be otherwise? Her ready kindness to perform similar services is notorious, and the public generally will do justice to the liberality of this clever cantatrice.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The last concert of the season will take place this evening. Subscribers will do well to be in time, as it is understood that there will be an unusual crowd.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We understand that Signor De Begnis is steadily proceeding on his project of introducing a *reformed* Italian Opera in this city. It has indeed been a matter of just reproach that one or two artists of superior pretensions have swallowed the larger portion of the receipts, to a degree far beyond their deserts, leaving but little for the remainder of the establishment, and nothing—*except debt*—to the impresario. De Begnis has facilities possessed by few, for procuring a good supply of talent upon reasonable terms, and no man better (perhaps so well) understands the art of operatic government. We believe that he has already made his arrangements for the House, and will probably be able to open his season by the latter end of September.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Right glad are we to get back to the classic Drama, to listen to sentiments which have their genuine origin in the human heart and to witness scenes of which we acknowledge the abstract truthfulness, however disguised by local appearances, however heightened by the poetical imagination of their describer. We hail, with the most unfeigned delight, the re-appearance among us of Mr. Anderson one of the finest young actors in the highest range of the Drama, we have had the good fortune to meet with. In the general scope of his rôle he is always superior to the greater portion of those who perform principal characters, he is always more than respectable, and in certain characters transcendent; for instance, we have never been better pleased with a *Claude Melnotte* in "The Lady of Lyons," or with a *Charles* in "The Elder Brother," than in his representation of those characters; and his *Benedick*, in "Much ado about nothing," is infinitely beyond any other that we have witnessed. It must, however, be inevitably the case with imperfect man, that some portion of his career shall be relatively deficient as compared with the rest, and we consider the *Coriolanus* of Mr. Anderson to be in this predicament. His well-deserved and enduring reputation can bear this little drawback, which in fact we would willingly have spared, were it not that in justice to our own pretensions to candid discrimination, we are bound to the public not to pass over the representation of a *capital* character without delivering our few remarks on its personation. We hardly consider it a misfortune that we have never witnessed the "Coriolanus" since its last representation by the great Kemble, nearly 30 years ago, which is perhaps before our young favorite was born; but the memory of that grand performance can never be forgotten. *Coriolanus*, like *Hamlet*, is an extremely difficult character to perform; the latter on account of the peculiar characteristics which different actors ascribe to it, the former by the nice discrimination required in the actor who personates the proud, disdainful, but not arrogant patrician who is the hero of the piece. The true bearing of the *Coriolanus* we take to be a constant loftiness, and his contempt of the Plebeians to be founded not on the class itself merely, but on their ignorance of public affairs and on their perpetual discontents, and ferments, the latter of which are promoted by factious demagogues. All this Mr. Anderson delineates admirably, but in the exultation at the idea of fighting again under his esteemed general Cominius, and *against* so formidable an adversary as Tullus Aufidius, he makes the vauntings assume too much the tone of a braggart, and too little of the high-minded Roman who is supposed rather to *think* aloud as in self-consciousness, than to *boast* aloud like a successful upstart. We do not allude to such remarks as reminding Aufidius of his former prowess, for that was well called for, but in the early scenes of the play, where self respect was the most beautiful expression of the character. Neither was "the gown of humility" worn with that hard self-command which would have been its beauty, but the self-restraint was made too apparent both to the audience and to the "Roman people." Still it was a fine performance, but not his best.

Concerning the deportment whilst wearing the gown of humility, it struck us that a cold and dignified distance would have been finer play than that air of ineffable disdain which was too palpable even to a vulgar apprehension. The apparent boasting to Aufidius was in excellent keeping, because it was called for by circumstances, and Mr. Anderson did it ample justice. The *Volumnia* of Miss Ellis was *affectionate*, but this is not the great characteristic of that Roman mother; it should have been *grandeur*, the lofty bearing which she imparted to her son; herein Miss Ellis failed, though she certainly read the text well. Mrs. Abbott was a good *Virginia*, but there is not much in the character. Chippendale's *Menenius* was excellent; and Dyott read and acted *Tullus Aufidius* well, though he could not look it.

Mr. Anderson has subsequently played *Claude Melnotte*, *Charles*, and *Gyppus*, and continually adds to his well-earned laurels.

BOWERY THEATRE.—A very favorite piece lately imported is in the ascendant here. It is called "Shadows on the water, or the cleverest man in China," and is drawing forth clamours of applause, whilst it is shaking every side with laughter. In addition to this the regular drama is in operation; Mr. Scott has played *Damon* finely in the play of "Damon and Pythias."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We are bound to say that Mr. Mitchell has far excelled all his former doings, in producing the burlesque on "Antigone," by *Patrick Sophocles, Esq.* We could not do justice to this admirable piece of humour by any description for which we could find room. The audience was kept in continual convulsions of laughter, for, besides the racy humour of the dialogue, the points were numerous and touching. Miss Taylor was a capital *mock Antigone*, and Walcott quite as good a *Creon*; but the tableaux in the burlesque fell to the lady's share instead of the gentleman's. Everard as *Tiresias* was led on the stage by a dog, and the quadruped very happily assisted one tableau by putting himself in attitude. It was also a good thought of Mitchell to make Mr. Rosenthal, who is a German, be the speaking chorus. But go and see it—every body.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—Mr. Booth is playing a short engagement here, and going through the most favorite characters in his rôle of the Drama, such as *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Richard III.*, *Iago*, &c. Of course the house is filled, to witness his performances.

Literary Notices.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—No. 23.—This excellent family edition of the Holy Scriptures, proceeds with all due dispatch to its completion. We trust and believe that it is largely in demand.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.—Nos. 28 and 29.—A great portion of that beautiful play, the "Much ado about nothing," is continued in these numbers, and the illustrations thereon are both graphic and humorous in a high degree. The notes are scholarlike and useful, and do great credit to the learning and research of the editor.

LIFE IN ITALY.—Translated from the Danish by Mary Howitt.—New York: Harpers.—One may always feel assured, *prima facie*, that it is a good book which Mary Howitt will labour to translate, and a perusal of the work before us amply confirms the impression. "The Improvisatore," which is the main character here delineated, although it may be found in divers countries, may be considered as indigenous to Italy, consequently it gives—what we confess are very much like—a correct title to the book; and we need hardly add, that the very nature of that character gives assurance of most interesting and imaginative matter.

THE ANCIENT REGIME.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Harpers.—This is the produce of a fertile soil, and we do not hazard much in saying that it is one of the best productions thereof. Mr. James has proved the possibility of "touching pitch without being defiled;" for he has chosen the reign of Louis XV. for his period, a juncture which was the most gross, corrupt, and debasing in all the annals of France, and yet he has drawn from thence a story true in its moral descriptions, lively and moving in its incidents, excellent in its moral, and yet so delicate in its style as to be fit for any perusal, however fastidious.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE.—No. 5.—By James Copland, M.D.—New York: Harpers.—There is no doubt that the Faculty, *par excellence*, will find this book a highly valuable one; but the style of it (considering the subjects) is so simple, clear, and freed from technicalities that it should be found in the domestic library of every educated person.

THE NEW YORK DISSECTOR.—Vol. II., Part 2.—Edited by Henry Hall Sherwood, M.D.—We have not happened to see the first volume of this clever little work, which is published quarterly, making an annual volume of about 500 pages; but the contents of the number before us shew the Editor to be a man of intelligence and judgment. The series should be encouraged, which may be done at little individual cost, as the subscription is only a Dollar per annum.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS.—By Emilie Carlen.—Translated from the Swedish by C. B. Burkhardt, Esq.—New York: W. H. Colyer.—The tasteful and elegant writer and translator Miss Howitt, to whom we have just alluded, has well deserved the thanks of the literary world in introducing us so intimately to the works of Fiction of the Northern writers. She has implanted a taste for them, of a beneficial tendency, because those writings are simple and pure, and breathe a fine spirit of benevolence. We therefore rejoice to see, in the work before us, another elegant translation from a well-approved northern pen. Mr. Burkhardt has done much besides a mere translation here, for he has given the English text all the air of originality so necessary to keep up satisfaction in the reader. We earnestly commend this book to readers generally.

THE GOVERNMENTAL INSTRUCTOR.—By J. B. Shurtleff.—New York: Collins, Brother & Co.—This is a *School Book*. What then? "Desire not the day of small things!" It is a school book of a highly useful description, and such as no Seminary of popular education should be without. It contains "a brief and comprehensive view of the Government of the United States, and of the State Governments." It is put into the form of "easy lessons" and is "for the use of Schools." The compiler of a really useful school book is a greater benefactor than the inventor of a piece of new machinery, for the former inducts the young into mental or intellectual riches which may spread afterwards widely and through successive generations to the general benefit. Here the young are familiarly made acquainted with matters on which their earthly protection and welfare materially depend, and which will enable them to fall easily and gracefully, at a future, day into their duties as citizens, and members of the community.

THE PICTORIAL ELEMENTARY SPELLING BOOK.—New York: George F. Cooledge & Brother.—This edition purports to be an improvement of the "American Spelling Book by Noah Webster," a school book of such popularity that an *improvement* would be considered a difficult task. With our own impressions as to syllabic divisions we freely confess we do not like the book at all; and when we come to look at the reading lessons for children, in whose minds impressions are stronger than is generally considered, we find great fault with the mode of familiarising those minds with nonsense, such as "See how hot the Sun is," "Can you fix my hat?" "Coal and wood will make a fire." Why will not those compilers of school-books consider that although it may not require any great depth of erudition to perform such a task, yet that the language should be correct, the sentiments just, the matter useful, and the plan of study appropriate to the average of the ages of the pupils for whom it is intended. The importance of such works is underrated, or else the capability to compile them is often overrated.

THE APOCHRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT.—New York: Daggers.—This publication includes writings of the early Christian fathers up to the fourth century inclusive. They are a portion of a much larger number, the remainder being no longer extant in consequence of their *entire* rejection from the Canon of the New Testament, whereas those in the volume before us have been recognised by some, in greater or less degree. They bear the same relation to the New Testament as the Apocrypha of our large bibles does to the Old Testament. The curious in the Fine Arts also, may here find information, for many of the historical paintings on religious subjects have their foundation on the incidents here described.

BANES OF THE THAMES.—This is a handsome and lucid view of the Middlesex side of the Thames from the New Parliament houses to the St. Catherine Docks. It is presented to purchasers of "The Pictorial Times," and is on a large scale. For sale by Burgess, Stringer & Co.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting.

INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS UPON THE CONDITION OF SOCIETY.

There are many truths not recognizable as such by certain states and conditions of Society. Among them is that one uttered by Goethe, that "the influence which the Plastic Arts have over human culture—over manners, dispositions—over life and comfort, is so significant and so vast, that we commonly hold it as established that we are to prize according to this standard the worth of ages and nations.

"We know and admire those in which Art flourishes, and a sort of contempt accompanies those that have been unable to raise themselves up to this stage of development.

"We feel inwardly persuaded that the intelligence and love of the beautiful gives to man a higher perfection—toning his spirit softer and clearer—opening his heart to refined pleasures, and bringing him above all things nearer the good.

"We furnish ourselves, by the view of beautiful works of Art, with a more genial tone of feeling; when their grace charms and delight us, our spirit, through the earnest and vast, grows ennobled,—we esteem the Artist, or the race in whom we meet with such correct thoughts, such beautiful feelings; we enjoy ourselves with them, and find friends, allies, and often models, among them."

Now, are we prepared to give more than a mere distant and theoretical assent to this creed of the intellect of the renowned Goethe? As yet is it not with us the struggling and doubting period of a half faith? Are we ready to affirm that our minds are fully made up as to the value we place upon excellence in Art? Have we not a vague impression that our inferiority in Art is somehow or other connected with our superiority in what we consider more important matters? In other words, have we entirely dismissed the contempt with which every kind of inferiority and ignorance preserves and consoles its existence?

There are men who assert that the object of the Fine Arts is merely pleasure; that they are the handmaids of wealth, attributes of luxury, and ministrants to the enjoyments of opulence and ease. Were they no more than this, even in conducting the mind to intellectual pleasures, but considered as a pursuit, the more they are advanced the more sociable do men become. The Arts cannot exist without a general degree of culture; they are part of the spirit of the Age, and as they tend to animate exertion, encourage knowledge, or minister to industry, they increase happiness by enlarging those powers and faculties with which for the highest moral purposes we are endowed. Nor do they exist alone; whatever perfection they attain is a sign of general progress, of advancement inseparable from knowledge, of condition remote from debasement.

When we have learned to respect and to reverence the creation of intellect, we have advanced in the culture of our own,—the honours that have been paid to the great men of the past, the long glories of Grecian Art, and of the Italian school, are the silent homage of the human mind to qualities that are elevating to the imagination and becoming to the attribute of reason. There is nothing in nature, be it ever so mean, that is not susceptible of elevation by the genius of Poetry; and Art demands of its followers the infusion of a kindred spirit in every thing. It was the presence of this spirit that shed a lustre over the Arts of Greece and Italy, no less brilliant than their Language and Poetry and to this poetical and elevating spirit of Art alone that speaks to the Soul, and not to the mettlicious beauty of colours and elaboration, speaking but to the eye, that the world has ever paid its adoration, or that has had a perceptible influence in the advancement of the condition of man.

The mind of an age, governed more by minor causes and suddenly awakened feelings, than by the hourly influence of philosophical deduction, is slow to feel its own need of Art for the formation and preservation of the refining function of taste; it requires, however, no laboured disquisition to prove either the existence of that need, or its moral power, or that its cultivation is a powerful means of elevating the intellectual condition of humanity. Its object is not directly utility, nor, strictly speaking, instruction, but to minister to the pleasures of the imagination, and thus to create a niceness of discrimination, and a delicacy of feeling, which largely assist and develop the conclusions of reason. The knowledge which we derive from the discriminating functions of taste is not the same in kind as the knowledge derived from the applications of mechanics, chemistry, or experimental philosophy, but it is the same faculty that is brought into play, that is strengthened by use, and invigorated by exercise in every artistic, moral, or scientific display of mental energies.

The progress of society from the savage state to a state of refinement is necessarily through various degrees of advancement; it can no more be transported from one to the other, without passing through all the intermediate stages, than we can from our homes to any distant place, without passing through all the intermediate distances. Men are at first contented with necessities, they advance to conveniences, thence to comforts, from comforts they proceed to elegances, and from elegances to refinements. This latter may be considered the highest known state of civilization, whose characteristic is the perception and enjoyment of intellectual beauty; if then upon the threshold of this state be our present position, we should desire to qualify ourselves for a graceful entry into this highest state of civilization, by cultivating and perfecting our tastes, by habituating the mind to the perception of the truth in nature, and the beautiful, because true, in Art.

Let it not be thought that any one is incapable of acquiring a taste in Art;

that it is natural to man we see in the universal effect of beauty upon him. "Who can be insensible," asks an elegant writer of our own country,* "to the green and budding beauties of the Spring, to its flowers and perfumes, to Summer's foliage and welcome shade, to Autumn's wealth of fruits and grain, or to its farewell hues of pink and brown and dun. Who can walk through the year and admire the green and gold of the changing prospect without being exalted above the sordid feelings of common existence, without being a happier and better man?" Ask of that nature which has left its impressions, not on the mind, but on the heart, if while contemplating the beautiful of an expansive scene, he feels not his passions calmed, his heart soothed into an enchantment, from which is banished all unkindly feeling towards any living creature. Is any man then incapable of acquiring a taste in Art, when he is thus sensible to it in Nature?

The beautiful in Nature and the beautiful in Art possess and affect the mind with a striking similarity; Art having the advantage of administering a more varied display, and both having the same humanizing effect upon the passions. The pictured scenes of loveliness and innocence, the rustic views of peacefulness and goodness, the classic legends of simplicity and grace, which charm the eye and awaken contemplation, never fail to weave along with the pleasure of their remembrance something of happiness and peace in the heart. But to satisfy this appetite of the soul the Artist must not alarm our feelings by excess of aim, such as nature never uses; he must be a worshipper of the beautiful, that he may rise above the coarseness of gaudy colouring, and the vulgar elaboration of matter-of-fact representation into the higher regions of the ideal and impart to his canvas the graceful modesty of true and elevated Nature, stamped by the refinement of his own mind.

Hence the charm of the quiet views of Doughty, with his placid streams winding through glades and sunny plains, and his waterfalls glistening and tumbling from cloud-piled rocks; of Doughty, from whom the impure taste of the age turned, to stare at the crude gaudiness of loud-puffed mediocrity, but who has since, in the quiet consciousness of his power, measured his strength with the highest talent of Europe, and been honoured by the inspiring cheers of his competitors. And hence we love the sunny days of Claude—of Claude! who shows us his glowing scenes of peace, of beauty, of glory and loveliness, like young Hope, in the Summer morning of life, luxuriantly carpeting the earth with flowers, and we are refreshed, and decoyed into a mood of gladness, harmonizing with the scene. Can we then underrate the influence of Art, that holds such a power over the human mind? Can we longer look upon Art as a foible of pleasure, as a pleasing delusion for sensual enjoyment? or upon its Professors as the idle ministrants to trifling gratification? rather have we not indicated enough to show that intellectual power and moral elevation are indispensable to him who would enter upon the practice of Art? that to be great he must preconceive greatness in himself. A mind fettered by the trammels of every day life, whose ambition is the praise of the hour, and the petty sphere of whose pursuits is limited to the artificial feelings of society, to whom the Past is as a sealed book, and the affections and passions of man are as disregarded truths, possesses no qualification to entitle him to enter, and he cannot enter the ranks of Art without degrading the Arts, and retarding the progress of the public mind towards the elevation it must inevitably reach, in the company of true genius, and moral and intellectual strength. And is not this a solution of the enigma, that the Arts rose to perfection at once, without instruction, and have never since risen with it. The Arts instructed the public taste, in the hands of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian; since when, the public taste has taken upon itself to instruct Art, until, as may be seen by the judgment of the multitude and the ignorant of criticism, it is unappreciated and misunderstood, and Artists themselves have learned to consider it as only something composed of pencils and palettes and pigments. Some few of our Artists have manifested to the world the attributes of high genius, but should they, like Alston, resolve to follow out the high destiny which nature has apparently assigned them, like him they will find pecuniary recompense deserting their studio to alight by preference upon those who are the doers of gaudy wonders, or the merely mechanical copiers of a face.

Not thus has it been wherever Art has attained that grand climax which alone reflects true glory on a State, and which through ages, when other glories have been half forgotten, continues to surround the Nation's name with a halo of renown, and to produce a constant stock of pleasure and high feeling, for which successive generations make a grateful return.

"What would Italy be without her Poetry and her Arts; Velasquez and Murillo stand forward from the bright page of Spanish glory, on the same parallel with the names of Columbus and Lope de Vega, and their beautiful works still remain, charms for thousands, and a record for themselves, and assist us to fathom the natural depths of Spanish mind, when time and fate have detracted from other jewels of the Spanish diadem. Bavaria, at the present day, would be but a poor German state, did not her constellations of Modern Art attract the attention of all Europe. And France, not content with her martial and other achievements, taking a foremost rank in the works of peace, as she has shone in deeds of war, proudly encourages the Professors of those Arts whose works will be a joy-evolving fact when the system of Napoleon may be but an historic name; and England foremost and eager in such a contest of glory, she whose science settled the system of the world, she whose wealth impels the progress of every nation upon earth, and whose mighty and powerful arms em-

* Professor Weyland. We quote from memory, and may have marred the beauty of the passage.

brace the globe, she whose literature boasts of that Poet whose deep and happy influence is co-extensive with the various sympathies of the human heart, not content alone with her high position, is rendering a gentle culture to the Arts, the taste and patronage of her people enriching its eminent Professors, and her government, whose policy it has ever been to reward those who elevate the National renown, conferring upon them titles of knightly honour. Such then is the appreciation of the Arts by the countries foremost in civilized refinement."

Singular does it seem to those who look on with a wide scope and philosophic eye, that in this country, whilst every other exertion of human power has been adopted to work on the moral nature of the great masses of the community, whilst mechanics institutes have opened the doors of science, and society after society have been endeavouring to diffuse the doctrines of morality and revealed truths, there has been a clear oversight of one of the most powerful agents that can be employed, to sway by a silent eloquence the minds of men.

X.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

The Four Doctors.—(Continued.)

We can hardly imagine a greater contrast than between the stern, enthusiastic, dreaming ascetic, Jerome, and the statesman-like, practical, somewhat despotic Ambrose. This extraordinary man, in whose person the priestly character assumed an importance and dignity till then unknown, was the son of a prefect of Gaul, bearing the same name, and was born at Treves, in the year 310. It is said, that when an infant in the cradle, a swarm of bees alighted on his mouth, without injuring him; the same story was told of Plato and of Archilochus, and considered prophetic of future eloquence: it is from this circumstance that St. Ambrose is represented with the beehive near him.

Young Ambrose, after pursuing his studies at Rome with success, was appointed prefect of Aemilia and Liguria (Piedmont and Genoa), and took up his residence at Milan. Shortly afterwards the Bishop of Milan died, and the succession was hotly disputed between the Catholics and the Arians. Ambrose appeared in his character of prefect, to allay the tumult; he harangued the people with such persuasive eloquence that they were hushed into respectful silence, and in the midst a child's voice was heard to exclaim, "Ambrose shall be bishop!" The multitude took up the cry as though it had been a voice from heaven, and compelled him to assume the sacred office. He attempted to avoid the honour thus laid upon him by flight, by entreaties—pleading that though a professed Christian, he had never been baptised: in vain!—the command of the Emperor enforced the wishes of the people, and Ambrose, being baptised, was within eight days afterwards, consecrated Bishop of Milan. He has since been regarded as the patron saint of that city. He began by distributing all his worldly goods to the poor; he then set himself to study the sacred writings, and to render himself in all respects worthy of his high dignity. "The Old and the New Testament," says Mr. Milman, "met in the person of Ambrose; the implacable hostility to idolatry, the abhorrence of every deviation from the established formulæ of belief. The wise and courageous benevolence, the generous and unselfish devotion to the great interests of humanity."

Two things were especially remarkable in the life and character of St. Ambrose,—the first was the enthusiasm with which he advocated celibacy in both sexes: on this topic, as we are assured, he was so persuasive, that mothers shut up their daughters lest they should be seduced by their eloquent bishop into vows of chastity. The other was his determination to set ecclesiastical above the sovereign or civil power: this principle, so abused in later times was in the days of Ambrose the *assertion* of the might of Christianity, of mercy, of justice, of freedom, over heathenism, tyranny, cruelty, slavery. The dignity with which he refused to hold any communication with the Emperor Maximus, because he was stained with the blood of Gratian, and his resolute opposition to the Empress Justina, who interfered with his sacerdotal privileges, were two instances of this spirit: but the most celebrated incident of his life is his conduct with regard to the Emperor Theodosius, the last great emperor of Rome;—a man of an iron will, a despot, and a warrior: that he should bend in trembling submission before an unarmed priest and shrink before his rebuke, filled the whole world with an awful idea of the supremacy of the Church, and prepared the way for the Hildebrands, the Peretts, the Caraffas of later times. But with Ambrose this assumption of moral power, this prerogative of the priesthood was hitherto without precedent, and in this, its first application, it certainly commands our respect, our admiration, and our sympathy.

Theodosius, with all his great qualities, was subject to fits of violent passion. A sedition, or rather a popular affry, had taken place in Thessalonica; one of his officers was ill-treated, and some lives lost. Theodosius, in the first moment of indignation, ordered an indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants, and seven thousand human beings, men, women and children, were sacrificed. The conduct of Ambrose on this occasion was worthy of a Christian prelate; he retired from the presence of the Emperor, and wrote to him a letter in which in the name of Christ, of his Church, and of all the bishops over whom he had any influence, he denounced this inhuman act with the strongest expressions of abhorrence, and refused to allow the sovereign, thus stained with innocent blood, to participate in the sacraments of the church—in short, excommunicated him. In vain the Emperor threatened, supplicated; in vain he appeared with all his imperial state before the doors of the cathedral of Milan, and commanded and entreated entrance. The doors were closed, and even on Christmas day, when he again as a suppliant presented himself, Ambrose appeared at the porch, and absolutely forbade his entrance unless he chose to pass into the sanctuary over the dead body of the intrepid bishop. At length, after eight months of interdict, Ambrose consented to relent on two conditions: the first, that the Emperor should publish an edict by which no capital punishment could be adjudged till thirty days after conviction of a crime; the second, that he should perform a public penance. The Emperor submitted, and clothed in sackcloth, grovelling on the earth, with dust and ashes on his head, lay the master of the world before the altar of Christ, because of innocent blood hastily and wrongfully shed. This was a great triumph, and one of incalculable results—some evil, some good. Another incident in the life of St. Ambrose should be recorded to his honour. In his time, "the first blood was judicially shed for religious opinion"—and the first man who suffered for heresy was Priscillian, a noble Spaniard. On this occasion, St. Ambrose and St. Martin, of Tours, raised their protest in the name of Christianity against this dreadful precedent; but the animosity of the Spanish bishops prevailed, and Priscillian was put to death: Ambrose refused to communicate with the few bishops who

had countenanced this transaction: the general voice of the Church was against it.

The man who had thus raised himself above all worldly power, was endowed by popular enthusiasm with supernatural privileges: he performed cures; he saw visions. At the time of the consecration of the new cathedral at Milan, a miraculous dream revealed to him the martyrdom of two holy men, Gervasius and Protasius, and the place where their bodies reposed. The remains were disinterred, conveyed in solemn procession to the cathedral, and deposited beneath the high altar, and St. Gervasius and St. Protasius became, on the faith of a dream, distinguished saints in the Roman calendar. St. Ambrose was remarkable for the grandeur and magnificence with which he invested the ceremonies of worship; they had never been so imposing. He particularly cultivated music, and introduced from the East the manner of chanting the service, called the Ambrosian chant. He died in 397, in the attitude and act of prayer.

He had a sister, Marcellina, who devoted herself to a life of pious celibacy, and a brother Satyrus, both of whom have been occasionally introduced into pictures which describe the life of St. Ambrose. These few particulars will suffice for our present theme, and cannot fail to lend an interest to the many representations of this distinguished prelate and teacher, whether we meet with him alone, or grouped with other saints.

Single figures of St. Ambrose are of rare occurrence; but he is very frequently introduced into pictures of the Madonna, in his character of Doctor of the Church. He wears the habit and mitre of a bishop, with a book in one hand and a crozier in the other; the bee-hive behind him at his feet; sometimes instead of the crozier he wields a knotted scourge. The scourge is a received emblem of the castigation of sin; in the hand of St. Ambrose, it signifies the penance inflicted on the Emperor Theodosius, or, as others interpret it, the expulsion of the Arians from Italy. Various events of the life of St. Ambrose are represented in fresco in the church of St. Ambrose (Sant Ambrogio Maggiore) at Milan.

The grand scene between Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius has never been so popular as it deserves to be; considered merely as a subject of painting, it is full of splendid picturesque capabilities—for grouping, colour, contrast, background, all that could be desired. Of the great picture, by Rubens, in the Belvedere in Vienna, there is a fine diminished copy in our National Gallery. The scene is the porch of the church. The Emperor, surrounded by his guards, stands irresolute and in a supplicatory attitude on the steps; on the right and above, St. Ambrose is seen, attended by the ministering priests, and stretches out his hand to repel the intruder. There is a print, after Andrea del Sarto, representing Theodosius on his knees before St. Ambrose. In the Louvre, is a small picture, by Subleyras, of the reconciliation of Ambrose and Theodosius.

By Le Sueur, we have 'The Vision of St. Ambrose,' in which St. Paul presents to him the two martyrs St. Gervasius and St. Protasius, painted for the church of St. Gervais, at Paris; and in the Louvre is a large picture by the same painter of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius refusing to worship idols. I suppose it is from the former popularity and riches of the church of St. Gervais, that we find these rather apocryphal saints a favourite subject with the French painters. Poussin, Le Sueur, Champagne, Sebastian Bourdon, have all painted pictures from their acts, on which I shall not dwell at present.

St. Augustine, the third of the Doctors of the Church, was born at Tagaste, in Numidia, in 354. His father was a heathen; his mother, Monica, a Christian. Endowed with splendid talents, a vivid imagination and strong passions, Augustine passed his restless youth in dissipated pleasures, in desultory studies, changing from one faith to another, dissatisfied with himself and unsettled in mind. His mother, Monica, wept and prayed for him; and in the extremity of her anguish, repaired to the bishop of Carthage. After listening to her sorrows, he dismissed her with these words "Go in peace; the son of so many tears will not perish." Augustine soon afterwards went to Rome, where he gained fame and riches by his eloquence at the bar, but he was still unhappy and restless; nowhere finding peace either in labour or in pleasure. From Rome he went to Milan: there, after listening for some time to the preaching of Ambrose, he was after many struggles, converted to the faith, and was baptized, by Ambrose, in presence of his mother, Monica,* who, having seen all her wishes and prayers fulfilled, died soon afterwards. Augustine, after some time spent in study, was ordained priest, and then Bishop of Hippo, a small town and territory not far from Carthage. Once installed in his bishopric, he ever afterwards refused to leave the flock intrusted to his care, or to accept of any higher dignity. His life was passed in the practice of every virtue; all that he possessed was spent in hospitality and charity, and his time was devoted to the instruction of his flock, either by preaching or writing. In 430, after he had presided over his diocese thirty-five years, the city of Hippo was besieged by the Vandals; in the midst of the horrors that ensued, Augustine refused to leave his people, and died during the siege, being then in his 76th year. It is said that his remains were afterwards removed from Africa to Pavia, by Luitprand, king of the Lombards. His writings in defence of Christianity are numerous and celebrated; and he is regarded as the patron saint of theologians and learned men.

Single figures of St. Augustine are not common. In these, he is sometimes standing in a majestic attitude, wearing the robes and mitre of a bishop: sometimes seated writing; or holding a pen and a book: his emblem is the flaming heart transpierced, to express the ardour of his piety and the poignancy of his repentance; he uses the comparison himself in the ninth book of his *Confessions*. In pictures of the Madonna, St. Augustine is frequently introduced, and with him, occasionally, his mother Monica; he in his bishop's robes, she habited in black.

As founder of one of the four great religious communities, St. Augustine is sometimes represented giving the robes to his Order,—a common subject in the houses of the Augustine monks. Dispensing alms in another; but the two favourite subjects are, first, his Baptism at Milan, in presence of his mother, Monica, who is represented kneeling in a black robe and hood, the dress of a widow; and, secondly, a famous Dream or vision, related by himself. He tells us that while busied in writing his Discourse on the Trinity, he wandered along the sea-shore lost in meditation; suddenly he beheld a child who having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task; he replied, that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. "Impossible!" exclaimed Augustine. "Not more impossible," replied the child "than for you to explain the mystery which is the subject of your meditations."

In Garofalo's picture of this subject, now in our National Gallery, Augus-

* On this occasion was composed the hymn called the 'Te Deum,' still in use in our churches: St. Ambrose and St. Augustine reciting the verses alternately as they advanced to the altar.

tine is seated on a rock by the margin of the sea—habited in his episcopal robes—and with his books and writing implements near him;—and while he gazes on the mysterious child, the Virgin appears amid a choir of angels above: behind Augustine stands St. Catherine. Rubens has painted this subject; and Van Dyck, in a large, grand picture in the collection of Lord Methuen, has introduced St. Monica kneeling. Murillo has painted it; Albert Durer designed and engraved it: there is something at once picturesque and mystical in the subject, which has made it a favourite.

THE ELECTOR'S DEATH.—Just at the moment that these disorders [the peasants' war] reached their height in that district the Elector Frederic died. How striking was the contrast between the fierce intestine discord which raged throughout Germany and the quiet chamber of Lochau in which Frederic, calm and collected in the midst of agonizing pain, was awaiting the approach of death! "You do well," said he to his preacher and secretary Spalatin, who after long hesitation had taken courage to demand an audience of him, "you do well to come to me, for it is right to visit the sick." He then caused the low chair in which he reclined to be rolled to the table, and, laying his hand in that of the intimate friend and adviser of his latter years, he once more talked of the things of this world, of the peasants' rebellion, of Dr. Luther, and of his own approaching death. He had ever been a gentle master to his poor people, and he now exhorted his brother to act prudently and leniently, as he believed it to be; for if it were not the will of God it could not happen. This conviction, which had guided and supported him through the whole course of the Lutheran movement, was doubly strong in his last moments. None of his relations were with him: he was surrounded only by servants. The spirit of opposition which everywhere else divided rulers and their subjects had not yet reached them. "Dear children," said the prince, "if I have ever offended any of you, I pray you to forgive me for the love of God; we princes do many things to the poor people that we ought not to do." He then spoke only of the merciful God who comforts the dying. For the last time Frederic strained his failing eyes to read one of his friend Spalatin's consolations; he then received the sacrament in both kinds from the hands of a clergyman to whom he was attached. The new doctrine, which had flourished under his prudent and sheltering care, now no longer appeared to him in the light of a power of this world which had to fight for its existence, and the herald of a new order of things—he only saw in it the true gospel, the true Christian faith, pity, and comfort to the soul. The dying man leaves the world to itself, and withdraws entirely within the circle of his own relations to the Infinite, to God and eternity. Thus he died, on the 5th of May, 1525. "He was a child of peace," said his physician, "and in peace he has departed."

From Ranke's History of the Reformation in Germany.

WAR-OFFICE, March 7.—14th Ft.—B Drew, Gent to be Ens, by pur v Graham, prom in the 31st Ft: 19th—Capt F Deacon, from hf-pay Unatt to be Capt v T Beckham who exch.—31st; Ens J H Graham, from the 14th Ft to be Lt by pur v Shaw, who ret.—90th: Capt A Trollope, from hf-pay 10th Lt Drags, to be Capt v G D Bowyer, who exch.; Lt F Woodgate to be Capt by pur v Trollope, who ret.; Ens R Grove to be Lt by pur v Woodgate; J Perrin, Gent to be Ens by pur v Grove.—95th: Lt G J Dowdall to be Adj't v Cobbe, who ret the Adj'ty only.

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Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufacturer.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr. 29.

WILSON'S HOTEL & DINING ROOMS,

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

BEAD the following testimonial in favor of **PARR'S LIFE PILLS**, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent date:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Brilany, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify as much.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT.

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844. Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it a duty to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH BARNE, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT. Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & CO., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. [Mr. 15-1.]

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

General Agents for the United States of America,
JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN,
No. 57 Wall Street, New York.PHYSICIAN,
John W. Francis, Esq., M.D., No. 1 Bond Street.
SURGEON,
J. C. Beales, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.BANKERS,
The Bank of Commerce.SOLICITOR,
Charles Edwards, Esq., 51 Wall Street.

The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c. at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in *Perfect security*, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the *Triennial distribution* of eighty per cent., or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at their option, will be paid

In Cash, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premium.

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next birth	For ONE	For SEVEN	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
50	92	96	1 70	1 92
25	98	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 00	3 39
45	1 55	1 80	3 61	4 08
50	2 01	2 41	4 41	4 99

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large paid-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their respective shares, for all the Company's engagements. The period of its existence, FORTY YEARS, the responsibility of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfilment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future stability of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are entitled to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the first division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting Insurances, and all information relative thereto, may be obtained of the Company's fully-empowered Agents.

JOSEPH FOWLER, Agents, 57 Wall-street.

Mr. I. I. J.

R. S. BUCHANAN, Agents, 57 Wall-street.

PHRENOLOGY.

FOWLER'S Free PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET OF THE BUSTS AND SKULLS of distinguished men, criminals, and rare animals,—No. 131 Nassau Street,—which may also be had FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY; the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a Monthly work of 32 pages, having an extended circulation, and becoming highly popular; PHRENOLOGY applied to Education and Self-improvement, and Matrimony, Memory, Hereditary Descent, &c. &c. PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS for Learners, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS with Professional advice and directions for Self-improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can money be better spent than in obtaining that knowledge of one's self, and of human nature given by this science of man. (Mr. I. I. J.)

COUNTRY ADVERTISING!

Advertisements for the New York and Country Newspapers are received at the office of

MASON & TUTTLE,
38 William Street, (Merchants' Exchange.)

And transmitted to any paper in the

UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

II This Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to Advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this medium considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

II A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of Terms, the Population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate.

TO EMIGRANTS.

AND OTHERS MAKING REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND,
SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT on all the Branches of
THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND, and
THE NATIONAL BANK, SCOTLAND, and
can be obtained of
RICH'D BELL &
WM. McLACHLAN.

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Also, **BILLS** on the BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, LONDON, and its
Branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Jrs 5-6m.

**THE REGULAR LINE FOR BOSTON, CARRYING THE GREAT
UNITED STATES MAIL.**

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER—TRI-WEEKLY.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave Pier No. 1, North River, foot of Battery Place, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs). Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners May 11-12.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships. Masters. Days of Sailing from New York. Days of Sailing from Liverpool.

Cambridge, W. C. Barstow, June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.

England, S. Bartlett, June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.

Oxford, J. Rathbone, July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16.

Montezuma, (new) A. W. Lowber, July 16, Nov. 16 Mar. 16 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.

Europe, A. G. Furber, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16.

New York, Thos. B. Cropper, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 16.

Columbus, G. A. Cole, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16.

Yorkshire, (new) D. G. Bailey, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters or parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 04 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.

FEB 1 1841

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON

26 CORNHILL.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING.

General Agent for the United States of America,

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 62 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleecker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS.

The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR.

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 90 Wall-street.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and lower than the scale adopted by many London offices. *Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid*—after the lapse of a year.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and the Society's rates, together with blank forms, and the fullest information, may be obtained upon application to the General Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. *Fee paid by the Society.* J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York. 62 Wall-street, Jan. 7, 1845 Jan. 11-12.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has a large stock on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. *Bouquets* of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with a

Ap. 20-41.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms. Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Aescites, or Drapery. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How condescending, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of *Sands's Sarsaparilla*! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet which is furnished without charge by all the agents:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of *Sands's Sarsaparilla*. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of the hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continuing to increase until it covered the most of the body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharge so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention the nature of the case required. The disease was called *Scald Head* and general *Salt Rheum*. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your *Sarsaparilla*, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; but the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all Parents we would say:—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use *Sands's Sarsaparilla*. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELIHU & SARAH SOUTHMAYD,

No. 95 Madison-st.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mo. 31, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Esteemed Friends:—Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great devotedness to you for your invaluable *Sarsaparilla*, which has been the means, under kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of sufferers, miserable as I have been, may be induced to try this remedy, and experience a cure as speedy and happy as mine. For ten years I have been suffering under a *Scrofulous* affection of the *Bones* in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have despaired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods during my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper teeth, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the mastication of food quite impossible. After expending about six hundred dollars for medical aid, I had recourse to your justly celebrated *Sarsaparilla*, and within the last three months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complaints, may have the advantage of my experience, I shall be most happy at any time to communicate to them or to you, such further and more minute particulars as may be desired. Please accept assurances of my great obligation and regard.

BENJAMIN M. HUSSEY.

NANTUCKET, 9th mo. 3d, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Respected Friends:—Benj. M. Hussey is a person of perfect respectability; his statement in relation to the wonderful effects of your *Sarsaparilla* upon one, and the cure altogether is such as to entitle the *Sarsaparilla* to be ranked as a great blessing to the human family, and we consider it as such. Yours with true regard,

W. M. MITCHELL, Cashier of the Pacific Bank, Nantucket.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, whole-sale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 27 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is *Sands's Sarsaparilla* that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for *Sands's Sarsaparilla*, and take no other.

A12-12.

